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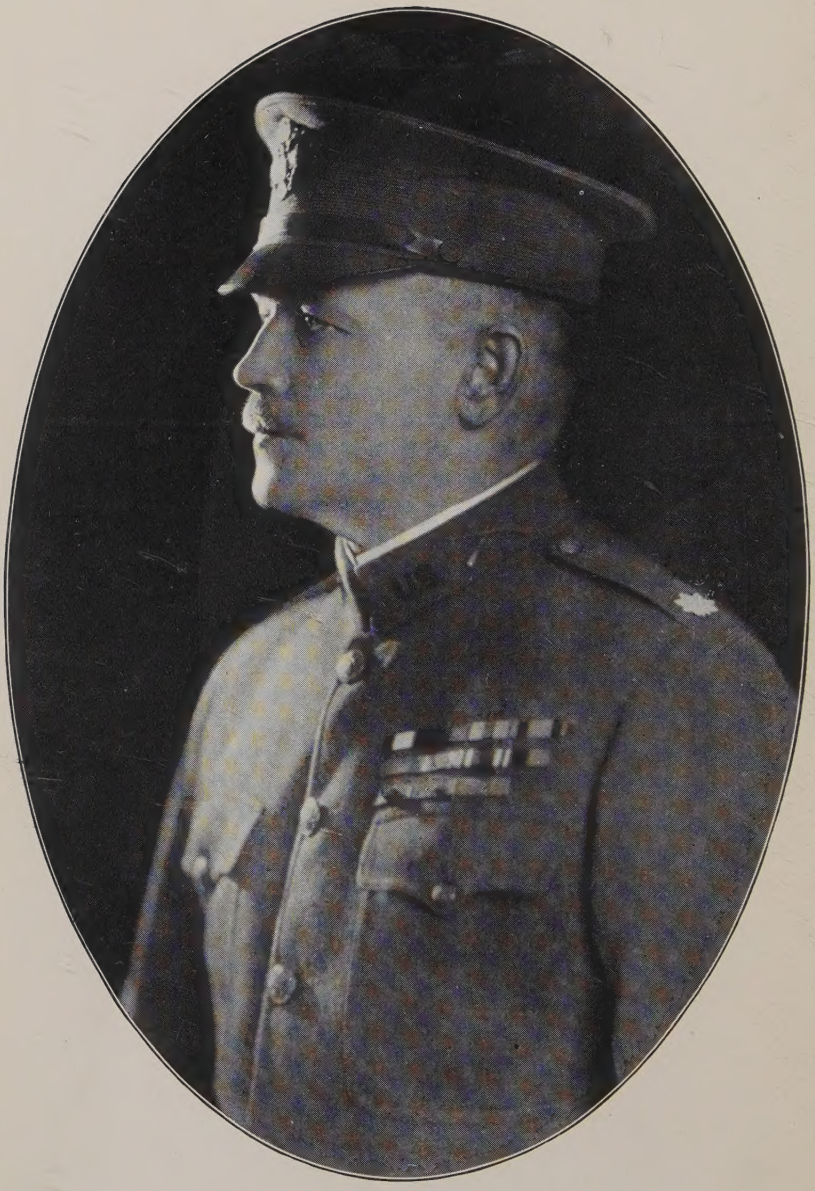
MYSELF AND A FEW MOROS

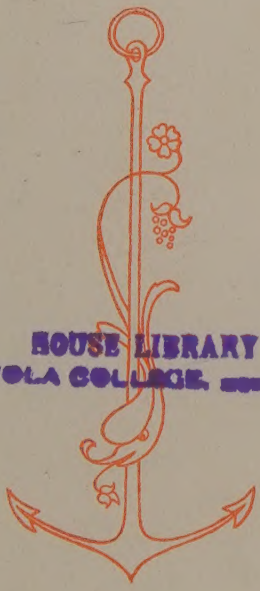


LIEUT. COL. SYDNEY A. CLOMAN

MYSELF AND A FEW MOROS

BY

LT. COL. SYDNEY A. CLOMAN
U. S. ARMY



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FOREWORD

TO
SYDNEY CLOMAN GREINER
AND
FREDERICK WILSON PRICHETT, JR.

DURING the past year these two doughty warriors have been born into our clan, and my personal experiences have been written for their—well—benefit. I took Louise M. Alcott for my model and sacrificed truth to the elimination of profanity; but in spite of all this the manuscript has recently been returned to me by one of the young mothers, with the notation that she probably will permit her hopeful to read it at the approximate age of thirty-five.

My travels among the islands of the Pacific extended, at intervals, from the capture of Guam, one of the Ladrone group, in 1898, to piling up on a reef between New Guinea and Thursday Island in 1914. Sir William Gilbert assured me that the official account of the capture of Guam could be taken for the libretto of a comic opera without changing a word, and my last experience had its tragic sequel in the death of our friend and fellow traveller, Madame Lillian Nordica. To my mind, the most interesting islands of the "South Sea" are the ones inhabited by

the Malays—strange, keen, and fierce—and I have in this confined myself to the Tawi-Tawi group; and to concentrate still further, I will admit without argument or reiteration the following facts and they will be understood throughout to be true:

(a) All moonlight, wherever mentioned, will be considered liquid mother-of-pearl.

(b) All lagoons will be of turquoise.

(c) All beaches will be of iridescent coral sand.

(d) Palm trees are inclined to wave in the gentle tropic breeze; likewise their shadows on the quiet water are of deep purple.

(e) All meetings with traders 'neath the white awnings and conversations with same will be considered as having taken place. I never have been able to be interested in a man simply because he was stupid, dirty, and villainous, and this elimination should save, at least, a hundred pages.

(f) No psychological dissertations by Chief Boo-goo and other natives will be given. It is my experience that in the ordinary affairs of life—as for instance, beating one's wife—the native does not first sit down and indulge in all the reflections of a Jean Jacques Rousseau, but hastily clubs the lady and goes fishing with no idea that he has lost an opportunity to thrill the world with his profound thoughts.

By thus making it easy for the youngsters, I trust to the good will of their mothers, my present military unimportance, and the statute of limitations to free me from the crimes, misdemeanours, mistakes, and omissions that appear herein.

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MYSELF AND A FEW MOROS

MYSELF AND A FEW MOROS

BONGAO

THE steamer passed slowly around the point and whistled three times in response to our parting waves, and we then turned and looked at each other. We were marooned on an island in the South Sea.

This is a conventional way of beginning the story of my experience on an island in the Pacific Ocean, and I am quite willing to be conventional up to the limit laid down in my "Foreword." But it must be admitted that the "we" is somewhat plural, in that it consisted of three officers, one contract surgeon, and one hundred and eighty-five enlisted men of the 23d U. S. Infantry. That is the who, and now for the why and the wherefore.

In the summer of 1899, fifty thousand of our comrades were busy putting down the flames of insurrection that were blazing through the northern Philippines, and in fact we were so fully occupied that thus far no force could be spared to occupy the southern islands consisting principally of Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago. Under the treaty with Spain, we

were bound to relieve and repatriate the Spanish garrisons remaining there, and these garrisons were in a parlous state. Cut off from Spain, lacking supplies, some of them already wiped out, and all of them besieged by the natives, honour and humanity required some definite action at any cost, and the 23d Infantry was finally withdrawn from the lines and sent south to the Sulu archipelago. The garrison at Tataan had been wiped out, Bongao and Siasi had been abandoned, and the forces with which the Spanish had kept up a nominal and precarious occupation of this archipelago had been concentrated at the walled city of Jolo, their seat of government. Here our forces disembarked, sent the Spaniards on their happy way home, and settled down to their new duties. The orders for the occupation were sensible and logical but somewhat unique. They were virtually this: Relieve the Spanish, gradually extend the American jurisdiction over this nation of fierce Moros, and do it in such a way as would cause no serious trouble, for under no circumstances could this lone regiment expect reinforcements. The tenor of these orders required strange and diplomatic methods from these men who were trained only as soldiers, and the marvellous success that accompanied their two years' stay there was, under the circumstances, almost miraculous. Later there were bloody battles

fought with these people in which some of our most distinguished soldiers gained merited distinction and fame, but that was after the crisis in the north was past, cables laid, and artillery and all necessary reinforcements were available. My stay in these islands was before these happy days—in a military sense—had arrived.

The Sulu archipelago consists of three groups, the principal and most populous one being Jolo and its adjoining islands. Thirty miles to the south is the Siasi group and one hundred miles farther south the Tawi-Tawi group, all named after their principal islands. Soon after the arrival at Jolo, it was thought advisable to occupy the last two groups with garrisons each of a reinforced company, and my experiences were in the Tawi-Tawi group. Tawi-Tawi was a dense jungle almost uninhabited, and its importance was principally of forest products for the inhabitants of the small islands which surround it, many of them of coral formation and with semi-enclosed lagoons. The natives did not like to live there because of the fever—which we now know to be simply because of the mosquitos. The Spanish had had a small garrison at Tataan but there was no sheltered port even for small boats, and they had left no permanent improvements of any kind. They also had a sub-station at Bongao, and as it was healthy, was easily reached from

all the populous islands, and had a sheltered anchorage, this was the logical point to be occupied. It is a small island with an area of about four square miles, its highest point being about 1100 feet elevation, and covered with a dense jungle of the usual tropical character, but including some hard woods. The Spanish had their station on a small peninsula jutting out to the north for about 400 yards and the port was formed by this and the adjoining islands of Sanga-Sanga and Pahabag. The end of the peninsula was bare and rocky, and here our predecessors had built a masonry block-house into which the entire garrison retired at night or when trouble was expected. In fact, their jurisdiction never extended beyond its walls. The neighbouring islands contained a population of about 15,000 people, all Moros and pure Malays. The Spanish called them, in their reports, Bajau-Moros, but they are really the coast Moros in contradistinction to those that live inland like those on Jolo and Mindanao. I soon found that the natives made quite a distinction between the Bajaus and themselves. There were two tribes of Bajaus floating about among the islands while I was there. They lived on thatched catamaran house boats with fishing dug-outs trailing at the stern, had never been converted to Islam, wore their hair long, lacked all fighting qualities and spirit, never married a coast

BONGAO—COLONEL CLOMAN'S "CAPITAL"

This photograph, taken years after Colonel Cloman had left the place, shows a "town" far different from the one he knew. The church shown here was unknown to him, and when he first arrived the natives were accustomed to seeing the Spanish garrison shut itself up each night in a block house for safe keeping.

Moro, and lived almost entirely upon the products of the sea. They caused no trouble whatever and were treated by the coast natives with a tolerant contempt. They were experts in all matters pertaining to the sea, claimed to be able to converse with the fish, and in fact were often hired by their land brethren to do this when the luck was poor. As they were pagan and knew not profanity, the usual fishermen's jargon, was somewhat cramped and so quite often their nicely worded addresses to the denizens of the deep brought no response. I was interested in these people and had some of the prayers translated. Their Chief was a very old man of the rank of Panglima, whom I promptly named Panglima "Piscado" (Fish). One day I was joking him about his reputed conversational powers, when he said, "To-morrow morning I will prove to you my power. I will call one hundred red snappers to come to land for the dinner of your men." The next morning I arose about six o'clock and walked out on my porch to find the old fellow and one of his men squatting on the ground waiting for me. He rose and said, "They are waiting for your spear, *Tuan* (Excellency)." I asked who was waiting for my spear and he replied, "The red snappers." He then led me down to a coral flat covered by about a foot of water, and there surrounded by his men was a red

mass of about two hundred glorious red snappers from eighteen to twenty-four inches long, placidly waving their tails in the shallow water. He passed me the spear and asked me to kill them, but I sent for some men to complete the butchery. I told him he had not played fair because I did not see the method he used to get them on the shallows, but he insisted on the by-their-works-you-shall-know-them idea, so it was a draw. In any case the soldiers had a splendid dinner. Afterward, I saw some of his men working and had their appeal translated. It seemed to be nothing more than crooning over the side of the boat that the women had nothing to cook, the babies were crying for food, and while it would not be necessary for all the fish in the world to come in, yet it would be the decent thing for their chiefs to pick out a few good ones and send them along. When the fish bit, all right; otherwise I suppose there was the usual good excuse of fishermen the world over.

The island Moros were the direct descendants of the Malay pirates that infested these seas for centuries, and the ancestral microbe is still extant. They are probably as fierce and reckless as any people in the world, and under their own leader are accustomed to obey the law of force and nothing else. They became tractable and fairly obedient only when it was indubitably shown to them that such a course was

necessary. They respect power as they do nothing else in the world, and this led to some unique methods in successfully handling them. Furthermore, they have a vivid sense of humour that is always bubbling to the front. Soon after landing, when we started to clear away the jungle that had overgrown our peninsula, their overlord, Datto Tanton, came to me and said, "Do not injure the cocoanut trees. They all belong to me." I might have taken up an hour explaining to him that they had formerly belonged to the Spanish, that we had fallen heir to them as the result of the war, that he could appeal to our courts, etc., etc., but he already knew all this. What I did say was, "That is not true. But in any case they belong to me now." The old fellow chuckled, looked upon me with increased respect on whom it would be hard to put things over, and the matter was ended. They are splendid sailors, pearl divers, and fishermen, and virtually their entire livelihood comes from the sea. Some yams and cassava are cultivated, and there are some tropical fruits about the villages. But the rice is bought from traders in exchange for the sea products. A few hundred old rifles are scattered through the islands and the possession of one almost carries with it a title of nobility. But the vicious and beautiful krisses and barongs are universally worn in the cloth sashes about their waists. To be without a

knife is a shame and disgrace, and one of our regular punishments meted out to petty evil-doers was to be sentenced to go for a certain length of time without one. They are kind to their children, and I have never known a Moro child to be whipped. When one cries, the mother clasps it in her arms, coos to it, and smells its head until it is pacified. The act of kissing seems to be reserved entirely for the father. The women seem to be of a lower scale than the men, and are simply domestic animals. There is slavery, but that is a poor and false word for it. The word "retainers" seems to be much more expressive of the condition. No one ever saw them doing anything but hang about and contribute to the state of their masters, and a poor man could no more afford a slave than he could a high-powered automobile. The Chiefs are usually rich men, and in fact that is the principal reason why they are Chiefs. If a man cannot pay his debts, the Chief may add him to his household as a slave. Most crimes concerning property—and this includes women—are punished by death. Tempers are frail and there were continual homicides as the result of quarrels. This is the genial atmosphere into which we were thrown, with orders to extend our jurisdiction, produce law and order, and above all, never ask for reinforcements.

I had learned something of the Spanish régime at

Jolo, and my first thought on seeing Bongao was that we would have no use for the block house, except as a store house. We would not shut ourselves within its walls and permit the Moros to yell nightly about the place and fire at it, accustomed as they were to this innocent diversion. Furthermore, we were not going to be shut up even on Bongao Island. While we were on the subject of changing the rules of the game, they might as well understand that we were going about the group as we pleased and that we would have to be protected from their present idea that a white man was fair game wherever found. Carrying out this principle afterward caused some loss of life, but before I left there the new rules were fairly understood, and for the twenty years since, Americans have been reasonably safe. Furthermore, no natives from this group have either revolted or joined in any of the troubles that have occasionally disturbed the other groups.

On landing, we took account of our resources and our needs. Our resources were

1 whitehall boat.
1000 feet of pine boards
$600 Mex.

and the usual tentage and military supplies. Tents could be used temporarily as a shelter, but were not

comfortable for a long stay in the tropics. Big thatched barracks could be constructed, but I did not like the idea and neither did the men. At the end, a village was laid out along the road which ran along the backbone of the peninsula, and permission was given the men to choose their "bunkies" and build themselves small thatched cottages containing any number desired up to four. There was room for a little garden in front of each, and this problem was ended as far as I was concerned. The men at once became interested and built and outfitted their cottages with all possible conveniences and with a competitive eye to their beauty. I used up some of our meagre supply of lumber in building myself a long one-story house of four rooms, on the highest ground of the peninsula. A porch ran the full length of the house with the rooms opening on it. The first room was my office and sitting room, the next my bed room, and then came the doctor's room, and the dining room, with the kitchen behind. My bath tub was a ration case lined with tin, and I could not have been more comfortable. A small garden was to the left and a line of seven large cottonwood trees gave me the necessary shade in front. I had brought down with me an excellent Chinese cook and a houseboy, and soon the ménage was running without a jar. The jar came about a month later. A

steamer arrived with mail and supplies and as soon as it entered port, Kim and Chong appeared before me in their best clothes and announced, "We go now. No likee Bongao. No likee Molos. Muchee fraidee. You good master. Goo' bye." I was disturbed beyond words. It was impossible of course to obtain servants there, and it would be a month before the next steamer. I was very busy, and I did not want to be distracted with household confusion. It was a matter not only of happiness, but also health. I had carefully explained conditions to the two boys, and paid them an increased wage because of them. Furthermore, I had prepaid their first month's wages, and they were still in my debt for a small amount. In other words, it could not be allowed, and I called to the orderly to summon the sergeant of guard, to whom I said, "Sergeant, put a sentry over these two Chinamen until that steamer gets out of port and don't let either of them get out of your sight." They considered it a great joke, and loved to parade down to the commissary or the water hole with their dignified and solemn soldier at their heels. They were deadly afraid of the Moros, and I think they enjoyed their best night's sleep when the armed sentry stood in their room. Thereafter, without further orders, a sentry took them in charge upon the first whistle of an approaching steamer, and al-

though I expected poison in the soup for a few days thereafter, it was eleven months before the cook again asked to be relieved because of a death in the family at Jolo. I could better spare him then, and he sent me down a splendid understudy.

Long after I had left the place, the author of "An American Woman in the Philippines" visited Bongao and tells about the quaint character that once reigned there. She visited my deserted house and says that still hanging in my dining room was the large placard "Chicken To-day!" while on the other side of it was "God Bless Our Home. If You Don't Like It, Get Out." I remember the circumstances of its hanging. The doctor was messing with me, and was inclined to object to the chicken diet to which we were perforce driven. One night when the cook had confided to him that he was going to be treated to another chicken, he painted the chicken sign and told Kim to hang it up on the wall in front of me when he served the bird. Kim was a little shaky in his mind whether it would be entirely healthy to put over a joke on me, so brought the sign to me in private for instructions. I painted the motto on the other side, and told him to hang it as directed with that sign out. When the China boy brought it in and hung it facing me but behind the doctor, the doctor pounded the table and gave vent to loud roars

THE BLOCK HOUSE AND STEAMER LANDING AT JOLO

At Bongao, Colonel Cloman found a similar block house to the one shown here, into which the Spaniards who preceded him on the island had been accustomed to retire each evening, leaving the natives to their "harmless" pastime of firing at its impervious walls. Colonel Cloman, however, decided not to adopt such tactics, and from the first kept his men in small thatched houses which they built.

COLONEL CLOMAN

As he was at the time of his amusing and adventurous sojourn among the Moros of the Sulu Islands.

of hearty laughter. When finally he turned about to gloat over his clever sign, the tune changed suddenly and the meal proceeded with increased solemnity.

This doctor was in many ways a remarkable man. He was a splendid surgeon, and in the treatment of fevers and all tropical diseases, I have never seen his equal. Born in France, he had been a rolling stone for many years but had finally settled down in America. His one weakness was the fear that his heart was seriously affected. When first called to his room in the middle of the night to find him surrounded by all the heart stimulants and the hospital steward ministering at his bedside, I was greatly shocked. I speedily found that it was my province to take down his parting messages and his last will and testament. I nearly wore out a lead pencil in the dim light doing so with the greatest speed and anxiety. However, after this had happened four times and I found that the messages and will were always the same, I had a private talk with the hospital steward and was compelled in my own defense to notify the doctor that thereafter when he felt his justly celebrated "rigor mortis" setting in, he could pass quietly away without waking me up and with the full knowledge that I had four copies of his last will and last words, and that everything would be attended to exactly as he wished. After several years in the

military service he went with the Philippines Civil Government, and as far as I know is still the picture of health.

For many weeks our military routine was secondary to our construction programme, but happily the men were well trained and disciplined and did not suffer from it. They were in ranks twice a day, during the cool of the morning and in the evening, and their spirit was splendid. The jungle was cleared away to the end of the peninsula, a site was fixed for a native village outside the post, and soon houses began to be run up by the Moros and Chinese traders. A large market was provided for and finally completed, and Sunday was set aside as a general holiday for marketing, visiting, and conferences. I was available all day long for the consideration of the affairs of natives, and I held my police court on Sunday mornings. Of course my business was large and varied, and my advice was called for upon every subject from abstruse Mahometan law to obstetrics. I encouraged this confidence and so did the other officers, and our personal influence continually grew. We soon found out that notice and a kind word from an officer was treasured up and told abroad among the islands and was of a positive value to the frail hold of our government. The desire for such notice may be illustrated by an incident that happened to Lieutenant Laubach.

"I was compelled in my own defense to notify him that thereafter, when he felt his justly celebrated 'rigor mortis' setting in, he could pass quietly away without waking me up, with the full knowledge that I had four copies of his last will and last words."

He was in charge of the soldiers' mess, and a native from a distant island appeared one morning with a wonderful lot of fish which he offered to Laubach. The latter, who was very busy, asked, "How much?" The reply was, "Two dollars Mex." Laubach said, "Here's the two dollars. Leave them at the mess," and walked away. This was the basis of a complaint which ran something like this: "I desired to have conversation with an American officer, but who am I but a poor fisherman? So I spent all night at sea and collected fish that must claim his attention. So when I brought them to Bongao and he noticed them I was very glad and in reply to his question, I said, 'Two dollars.' This is much more than I expected, and he should have cursed me and said, 'One dollar.' I would then have talked at length and finally said, 'One dollar, four pesetas.' He should then have talked to me and said, 'No, one dollar, one peseta.' We would then have our talk, he would remember my face, and hereafter greet me by my name. Now my work has been for nothing, and he knows me not. My heart is sad." Laubach, who was the kindest man to the natives, afterward gave the man his treat, and he departed happy.

Bongao peninsula was between the devil and the deep sea. On one side were the clear waters of the little port where the sharks played, and on the other

side was a sinister bay filled with old mangrove snags and black mud which was swarming with crocodiles. Some provision had to be made for bathing, so an order was issued that the men would gather on the shore of the port at 4 p. m. and that no one would enter the water until at least forty men had collected, and that while in the water much noise would be made. Sharks are rather timid creatures in spite of their bloodthirsty reputations, and by carrying out this rule we suffered no accidents. We had as little to do with Crocodile Cove as possible except to shoot the brutes and trap them when possible. The vicious nature of the crocodile can hardly be appreciated by those who know only the placid and lazy alligator. They are as quick and insatiable as trout. They are very hard to kill, as only the protruding eyes and snout are visible when they are swimming, while it is almost impossible to approach them on a sand bank. We caught a few in a log trap, and their alert, sneering expression is anything but pleasing. Across from us on the Borneo coast they were an important pest. Chinese coolie labour is used there, and the cause of each death is verified by a government official called the Inspector of the Chinese. On one tobacco plantation on Darvel Bay where 800 coolies were employed the loss from crocodiles in one year was officially reported as 52. This was abnormal

because it seemed to be impossible to prevail on the Chinese to take the proper precautions against them, and the "crocs" seemed to know it. After the coolie's day's work was done they would stand in the water up to their armpits and braid their cues, and do this day after day in spite of the losses. The natives have a merry way of catching the crocodiles. A live monkey is strapped along a hook about eighteen inches long, and to this is attached a few feet of chain. Then comes a strong rope of bejuco vine which in turn is attached to an empty coal-oil barrel. In the evening the monkey is placed on a mangrove snag to which the barrel is also lightly moored, and during the night the monkey furnishes the necessary music to attract the crocodiles. Finally one of the brutes flips him off the snag with his tail and swallows him, so the next morning all there is to do is to look alongshore for the barrel. It is then detached, the rope manned by thirty or forty natives, and the "croc" pulled up on a sand bank. He is always tortured before he is killed. Late one evening I was sitting on my porch when two natives put off in a frail dugout to cross Crocodile Cove. They were yelling and singing until they were about half way across. Then came a crash and a scream and it was all over. The crocs had gathered about them, become more and more excited, and finally one of them had

lashed across the boat with his tail and thrown them in the water. We did all we could with noise and prodding the depths with spears, but no vestige of them was ever found. The crocodiles seemed to grow fewer in number as time went on, and I suppose our noise and the firing across the Cove at target practice drove many to Tawi-Tawi Island.

In the caves and overhanging rocks on that island were several colonies of the little swifts that make the edible birds' nests, so beloved of the Chinese. These birds have some sort of glands in their jaws that secrete a thick glue, which they stick up against the wall as a swallow does mud, and the nest when completed looks like white glass but is very light. The nests are sold to the traders for their weight in Mexican silver, but I found that it took seventeen nests to balance a dollar. They are supposed to be extremely nourishing and the broth is in demand for invalids. The soup is excellent, and we often had it in our own house. After the "first chop" nests are collected, the birds begin at once the construction of the second chop, but these are worth only about one half the first chop. Their little jaws are getting very sore by this time, and nests are streaked with blood. When these are knocked down, the birds resort to moss with only enough glue to hold it together, and these are allowed to remain and in them they raise their broods.

PANGLIMA UNGA

This picturesque individual was at one time one of the most influential headmen of the Sulu Archipelago, but he lost his influence because he was never quite able to convince the Americans of his sincere loyalty. As a matter of fact he has long been known as a distinctly disloyal fellow.

THE PALM-LINED ROAD LEADING FROM THE WALLED CITY OF JOLO

Hoping to keep a few trees safe from the depredations of the neighbourhood Moros along the road leading from Bongao in imitation of this "boulevard" on a neighbouring island, Colonel Cloman issued an edict ordering the natives to refrain from climbing them.

We were also often visited by flocks of flying-foxes from Tawi-Tawi. These huge bats have a spread of wing of from three to four and a half feet and their fur is very short but soft and delicate. Their chattering would often keep us awake at night while they feasted on the seeds of the cottonwood trees in front of our house. As usual, two house snakes took up their residence with us and assisted us in keeping our rats down. When they showed any disposition to wander elsewhere and came out from under the house, they were "switched" for their fickleness and driven back again.

Our own contribution toward rat extinction was by the use of the Moro blowgun. This is a polished piece of ebony with a bore about three fourths of an inch in diameter and about four feet long. The projectile is a steel barb to which is attached a close tuft of soft feathers. This is inserted in the base of the barrel and a quick strong puff will send it through the air from fifty to sixty yards. There is no way of sighting it, but long practice makes one very accurate. I have seen native children bring small birds down from fairly large trees with them. When the barb is poisoned, all that is necessary is to break the skin, and this perfectly silent little tuft of feathers coming from the jungle and found sticking between one's shoulders means a horrible death. The

rats in our house used the overhead rafters as an exercise ground, and after dinner we would sometimes arm ourselves with our blowguns, and sit there silently aiming at our favourite rafter and ready to "puff" on the instant. Usually there was a bet on the first rat hit, and had a stranger looked in and seen us in these strained attitudes and intense silence, I am sure he would have taken the place for a madhouse.

We had but one small boat when we arrived, but as time went on we collected quite a fleet by purchase and confiscation, and in time there were boats for all. The men were encouraged to use them, and finally became very expert. The water was so warm that a capsizing meant nothing but exposure to the sharks. A party of six were capsized once, and being unable to right their boat, remained in the water nine hours before they were rescued. They were wise enough to save their strength against useless struggles, simply support themselves on the boat and outriggers, and wait for help to turn up.

All men were required to be absent from the post on Fridays from daylight to dark, hunting or fishing or doing whatever they pleased. Some good sport was found hunting the wild pig in the jungle on Tawi-Tawi, and the huge sea turtles on the beaches. The latter were as large as four feet across the back. The men never succeeded in cutting them off from

the water before they were awakened. They were found asleep on the beach and the men, with rifles ready, crept up as closely as possible, and then when they were aroused and started for the water opened rapid fire. The meat had a musty flavour, and I never cared for it.

The pigs would slip along well marked trails through the dense jungle, and about the only way to get them was to find a trail and ambush it. They were very silent, the light was dim, and they were difficult to get. At the end, it meant a long carry through the dense jungle to the water, and in this the men could expect no assistance from the natives, because of their religious scruples about touching a pig. The consequence was that under this tropic sun a fine porker was often spoiled before it could be transported to Bongao. As for fish, a native bamboo trap was finally constructed in the shallows where a proper ebb and flow of the tide was obtained, and thereafter we usually had enough for our garrison of 200 at any time.

These people were governed by Datto Tanton as their overlord, while each island had its head and subsidiary chiefs of the rank of Datto, Panglima, Maharajah, etc. There was another datto by the name of Sakilan who lived mostly on Bongao, but he was a poor-relation sort of appendage to Tanton and

had virtually no power. He was amiable and colourless, and the only times he was appealed to by the natives was when Tanton was absent. Tanton was a remarkable character. He was fat, lazy, and an opium smoker, and for a long time I doubted the stories I heard about his skill as a warrior. The first time I ever saw him galvanized into life was on Christmas day when he was sitting on the edge of my porch, half asleep as usual, while a few yards away a Moro prisoner under a sentry was working in the roadway. Suddenly the prisoner dropped his pick and started to run. There was a cry from the sentry, and the old datto who had no spear near ran like a deer to a pile of bamboo, carefully poised one for a moment and hurled it at the fleeing man who was by that time at some distance. The sharp-ended bamboo passed within three inches of the prisoner's head and had it hit him it surely would have passed through his skull. All the time he was yelling, in a mixture of American profanity and Moro,"—— ——! *dua peloc!*—— ——*! dua peloc!*" The Moro was soon rounded up and returned to his work and the incident was over. "*Dua peloc*" means "two dollars" and I could not understand either Tanton's evident rage or what this expression meant. He then explained that the culprit owed him two dollars, and that he feared that he would reach the jungle and

A MORO HOUSE IN THE SULU ISLANDS

Similar to the one Colonel Cloman approached late one night, tying his boat up at the front door and rousing the occupants. When he had been received by the datto, he gave permission for the children, who had never seen a white man, to enter, and sat "like the tattooed man in a side show" while they gazed in wide-eyed wonder.

decamp to Borneo before he could get a chance at him. Tanton had a lurid and bloody past. Not long before the American occupation, the Spanish installed a dummy Sultan over Sulu, by the name of Haroun who had but a faint tint of the blood royal and who was in every other way unsatisfactory to the natives. There was much talk and dissatisfaction, but Tanton proceeded in a direct way. The Crown Prince was then a lad nine years of age and was sent with his suite on a tour of inspection around the Sultanate. On his arrival in the Tawi-Tawi group, Tanton received and entertained him with every honour and that night promptly chopped him up in his sleep. Of course he claimed that the Prince committed suicide, which was rather a joke considering the condition of the remains. This was but one of the numerous blood-curdling stories told on Tanton, and as his history became more familiar to me and as I got to know from experience his reckless bravery, his skill in all feats of arms, and his bubbling sense of humour, I began to recognize a profoundly interesting character for whom I would finally have the greatest sympathy and affection. I liked Tanton even while in my first clash with him. I suspected that some deviltry which I uncovered was being hatched out in his own house, and by bribery I obtained the services of one of his confidential men as a spy. When the

THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO

In the lower left-hand corner is Bongao, where Colonel Cloman and his command were stationed

THE EAST INDIES AND THE PHILIPPINES

In the square is the Sulu Archipelago, shown in detail on the opposite page

matter was finally cleared up, Tanton told me that he had known of the relations of the spy and myself from the first. When I expressed my surprise that he had not killed the traitor, he replied that the man was neither bright nor brave and his death was really not worth while. We finally became great pals and after the first month my trust in him never wavered.

As before stated, our water supply was obtained from a well that had been dug by our Spanish predecessors. It penetrated to the underlying coral rock and gave up water so brackish that we at an early date went back to the high ground and tried to find a fresh supply. We found it about a mile from the shore and sufficient in quantity for all purposes. I sent up to Jolo by the next steamer for a water cart and a carabao and in time a huge carabao bull with a 150-gallon cart was added to our colony. He was as usual a stolid but cheerful animal, inured to any amount of labour, but we soon found that three trips a day gave us a sufficient supply for all our needs. This continued for about one month with no variation, when for some reason it became necessary to increase the supply. We then found that the carabao declined to make the fourth trip and nothing would affect him—bribes, punishment, or torture of any kind. He simply lay on the ground and chewed his cud and placidly declined to move.

He had made up his mind that three cartloads of water were sufficient for any well regulated garrison and declined to make any further effort. The next morning he was perfectly willing to bring in another three loads but nothing would induce him to bring in a fourth. He was perfectly willing to allow a barrel to be slung on the cart and have his load increased to that extent, but another trip he would not make. This lasted for months and finally was accepted with good humour by all.

As before stated, the water throughout the islands came from coral rock and was very salty. One Saturday night while sitting in front of my house, I noticed a boat land on the beach below it and a man proceeded to the water tank with an earthenware jug for fresh water. After returning to his comrades, he indulged in some gossip with them and finally picked up a cocoanut-shell dipper and proceeded to mix the water in the jug with three dippers full of sea water. After some more gossip, he stirred the water about and they all drank copious draughts of the mixture. I was always curious about the strange habits of the natives so at once brought them all up to my house for questioning. They stated they were from the Island of Banaran where the water is very salty; that they had never drunk other than this salt water and that they could not drink ordinary fresh water

as it gave them the cramps and great pain. In reply to my question they gave me the name of the oldest man in Banaran, and I then sent them back in their boat with orders to bring down the old man to report to me the next morning. The next day a queer, weazened old specimen arrived in the last stages of terror. His body was covered with scales and his general complexion was more like that of a fish than of a human being. He told me that he had drunk the Banaran water for approximately 100 years; that fresh water made him violently ill and that if he could not get the brackish water of Banaran, he was compelled to dilute the fresh water with sea water. I was very curious to know if any of these people had become so accustomed to the brackish water that they could exist on sea water so finally asked him this question point blank. The old fellow who had gotten over his scare by this time laughed and said that he could not exist on water so salty as that and the best that he could do was a mixture of one half sea water and one half fresh water. I was compelled to accept this dictum although I was greatly disappointed to learn that I could not overturn one of the well known rules of nature by producing one of my marvelous natives.

As I have before stated, a number of cocoanut trees grew along the roads of the Bongao peninsula.

Toward the end of the road these changed to a beautiful line of betel-nut trees of wonderful proportion and great beauty. The natives, if allowed to do so, would soon hack them to pieces in their endeavour to get the nuts, so after some experience I gave the general order that no native whatever should be permitted to climb one of these trees. As far as I knew this was obeyed and the trees were a matter of a special pride to me. I used to wander around early in the evening and always carried with me a heavy cane of iron-wood that would serve as a weapon in case of need. One night I was returning by the road under the betel-nut trees, when I heard a rustling in the tree above. It was very dark but on glancing up I could make out against the sky a native slashing some of the branches off and collecting the nuts. I quietly stepped under the tree and waited for him to come down. He finally slid down with his knife in his teeth and some of the branches around his shoulders. It was a plain case that if I hit him at all I should hit him hard enough to put him completely out of commission, as when caught doing wrong, the natives were very liable to fight their way out and I certainly didn't like the appearance of that knife. I stood silently by the tree and as soon as his feet touched the ground, I hit him with all my force directly on top of the head. It should have brained an ordinary man

but these natives were very tough. He sank to the ground silently under the blow and I thought for the moment that he was completely out of business; he remained so only a second, however, when he sprang to his feet and disappeared into the night like a ghost. I found his knife lying on the ground, but as it was an ordinary jungle knife such as is carried by all the natives, it was a poor means of identification. There was, however, a way of identifying the culprit and the next morning I sent a vigilante among the natives with orders to bring in that particular one who could exhibit a goose-egg on the exact top of his head. After the removal of a few turbans, the culprit was discovered and marched in. He was a very contrite specimen and very frightened over his adventure, so I let him go with one of my celebrated lectures.

The honey bee in that region of the world is very much like our American bumblebee, but is of a viciousness that makes the latter a butterfly by comparison. One morning a swarm of these creatures fastened on one of the branches of the cotton-wood tree immediately over my doorway. By the middle of the afternoon they showed no signs of leaving at all and I feared the arrival of darkness, when the illumination of the house would fill it with these angered bees. After a lunch broken up by an invasion of these creatures, I told one of the native

A MORO FISHING VILLAGE NEAR LAPAK ISLAND

The fishing Moros are a mild race, without the homicidal tendencies of their cousins who formerly were the pirates. Their religious beliefs are naturally simple and they often say strings of prayers to the fish, when fishing is bad, asking the finny tribe to come into their nets.

THE NATIVE METHOD OF TREE CLIMBING

Colonel Cloman caught a native who had climbed one of the betel nut trees from which the Colonel was trying to keep foraging Moros. The Colonel saw him in the tree one evening and waited for him in the shadow at the tree's base.

hangers-on who was always about the house that I wanted him to remove the swarm. He asked how he should do it. I replied that I had no idea and if I knew how to do it, I would do it myself. I then walked away and watched him for about half an hour. He stood directly under the swarm with his eyes fastened upon it, evidently with deep thought corrugating his brow. He finally disappeared into the jungle and returned with a long bamboo. He then stood directly under the swarm, placed the bamboo firmly in position against the branch which harboured them and then with a mighty heave, he jarred the branch to such an extent that the entire swarm broke loose. I think he saw his mistake about the time he started to run, for the solid bushel of bees fell fairly upon his head. As he fled, there were so many bees in the air pursuing him that his outlines were sketchy. His only hope was speed and the reaching of salt water at an early date. When finally he reached the bay and ducked under the water, the bees hung around over the place where he had gone under, prepared to light upon him immediately on his reappearance. They continued to do this until he was nearly drowned and until we were limp with laughter. As long as I remained at Bongao, this was a standing joke on the hanger-on.

One morning in my second summer at Bongao, I

was startled by a small gunboat poking its nose around the Bongao Headland, and in the quarter of an hour necessary to reach its anchorage, I had plenty of time to speculate as to who it was and the object of the visit. This was the first time that any government craft beside the monthly mail boat had entered our lonely port. It turned out to be in charge of Wurtzbaugh, a lively youngster of the navy whom I had met, who had entered with orders to deliver despatches to me regarding the addition of Sibutu and Cagayan de Jolo to my bailiwick and directing me to visit them without delay. At the end of the conference, I invited Wurtzbaugh to dine, but he objected to this and countered with an invitation to dinner on board the gunboat. We talked over the relative advantages of the two programmes and decided in favour of the gunboat because he would give me three tins of condensed milk and some novels in case we went there. Bonnycastle, the doctor, and myself accepted the invitation and about 7:30, Abdallah, my Moro henchman, got out the dugout station boat and we prepared for the trip. This was made safely, although about this time a bad tropical storm came up and increased in violence all the time that we were aboard the gunboat. When it became time to go, Captain Wurtzbaugh expressed his grave fear as to the seaworthiness of our craft, but we declined his

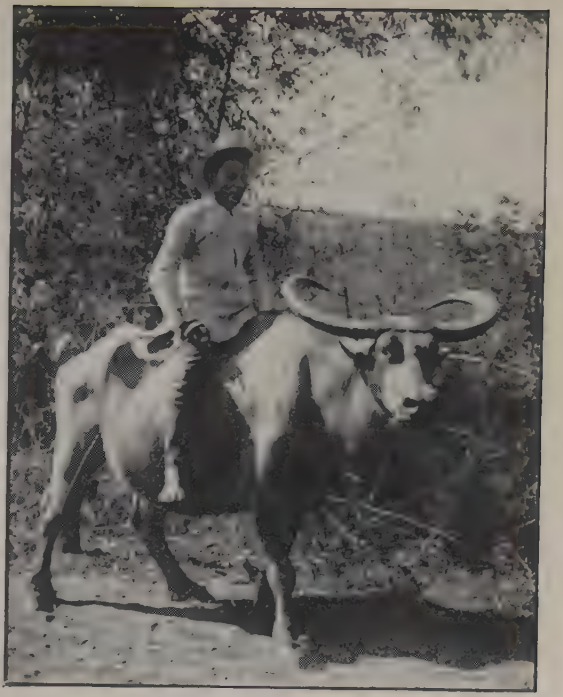
advice and his boat and pushed gayly off on our return trip. We had to cross directly over Crocodile Cove and the fear that these saurians would be kept awake by this storm gave an added thrill to the trip. We found it much rougher than we had supposed and the result was that when about half way across the Cove, we flipped over and found ourselves all struggling in the water. It was impossible not to feel the crocodiles every time we kicked out, and there was a good chance of becoming panic stricken by the exercise of our imaginations. However, I called out to the others not to try to get aboard the overturned boat, but simply to rest their weight upon it and the outriggers, while we awaited the arrival of the ship's boat, which we could hear being rapidly lowered. I repeated this warning about getting on the boat and Bonnycastle and the doctor kept up the cry similarly; the doctor especially was very emphatic and prolonged in his advice and things were going along smoothly when a bright flash of lightning revealed to us the doctor sitting on the boat holding his legs above the black water and repeating his warning not to do anything but rest the elbows on the boat. I happened to be at one end of the overturned craft and Bonnycastle at the other, and between us we gave it such a mighty twist that the doctor was thrown off his safe perch and some yards from it. At once

his screams rang out, but before he had scrambled back to his safe position, the ship's boat appeared and all were rescued. One of the principal injuries in his bill of particulars was that he had scraped off a ring which his father had worn at Waterloo, but otherwise he was quite well and hearty. This remained one of the jokes on the doctor during his stay on the Island.

Just after daylight one morning I was settling down to my final sleep when a boat's whistle sounded and a few minutes later, cries of "Boat!" "Boat!" came from all the men. I went on my front porch, clad only in pajamas, and there rounding a point was a large craft which my marine glasses revealed to be a transport, and on the deck was General Kobbe who commanded the department, with the various members of his staff. I knew that this meant a surprise visit and inspection, and standing there thus slightly dressed, I called up the non-commissioned officers and gave all the orders necessary for a concentration of the garrison and inspection of the same. This went off nicely and the General expressed himself much pleased with everything and particularly with my method of housing the men in small cabins instead of big barracks. At dinner that night he surprised me by stating that there was a vacancy on his staff as Inspector General, and asked me if I would fill it. I thoroughly recognized what a lonely place

A MORO DATTO FROM MINDANAO

Mindanao is inhabited by a variety of peoples, but the Moros of the island are very similar to their cousins of the Sulu Islands.



A WATER BUFFALO

These patient beasts are almost universally used by the natives as draft animals, and Colonel Cloman's command at Bongao acquired one to haul water from the well to the garrison. For some weeks three trips a day to the well were sufficient to fill the needs of the soldiers, but when an extra load became desirable the buffalo refused to be coaxed or beaten into making the additional trip.

I had and the advantages of the detail in every way, but I could not overlook the fact that I had taught these people to be peaceful and law-abiding and that they were quite accustomed to me by this time; making a change and giving them a new commander now would cause distrust and trouble and probably lead them from the paths of righteousness. Under the circumstances I felt bound to decline the detail. General Kobbe was most kind and appreciative and called my attention to the fact that there were many stations among the Moros he desired me to supervise instead of the one station and finally gave me the chance to go with him for one week and in case I still yearned for Bongao, I could return there and resume the command without more ado. I could not resist this offer, so the next day he left me with my promise to join him on the next mail boat. After his departure, the rumour went forth among the Islands that I was to leave and I was flattered by an imposing demonstration of affection and mourning. All the chiefs came in and expressed their sorrow and fear and pleaded with me to reconsider my determination. Tanton was especially heart-broken and I must say nearly prevailed upon me to change my mind. However, General Kobbe had told me that Croxton, an old friend of mine, would succeed me, and I felt the natives would get along all right after the first

shock of novelty. Tanton said with a bitter sigh: "Yes, he may be all right in every respect, but we don't know him and we *do* know you." On the next trip of the mail boat, I took my leave of all the chiefs and as we sailed out at sundown, they followed me to sea with their swift boats and I never saw many of them again.

It was as I thought about the new department headquarters at Zamboanga. I did not realize before how lonely I had been, and the life and joy of living there among old friends soon took the taste for Bongao out of my system. It was only in after years that I realized what a part Bongao had played in my life, and when I went back to visit it in 1915, it was only to find that Tanton had died a few months before of smallpox and that nearly all of my old friends had passed away. All that was left of the beautiful garrison was a constabulary detachment of twenty men; the buildings and gardens had disappeared and the general appearance of the place was about what it was before the Americans came. It is wonderful how the decay of the tropics obliterates all sign of improvement in a few years. I walked down to the old market place, and noted quite a flutter among the few old women there, upon my appearance. This was explained by the old Mahometan priest, who in a few minutes presented to me the crones who fifteen

years before had been the débutantes and young married women of their day. In fact, Bongao was changed in every way for the worse, and I was glad to get aboard the transport and sail away from it forever. The sad absence of Datto Tanton was bad enough; but when the constabulary officer told me that he had been succeeded by his worthless son, who had recently attempted the murder (*attempted the murder*) of another young chieftain, I saw how profoundly matters had changed.

A TRIP AMONG MY ISLANDS

SHORTLY after my first durbar, I sent a messenger around with a notification that I intended to visit each of the islands in the group. I more and more realized the difficulty of my task in maintaining order among this strange, fierce people—"half devil and half child"—under the conditions laid down, and I early saw that the power of a great nation at a distance administered through a strange officer meant nothing to them, and it was only by intimate personal contact, knowledge of their customs and methods of thought, in fact, by becoming one of their own chiefs, that I could be successful. In making this journey, I could do one of two things: Either take with me a force sufficient to overawe the populous communities and make the whole expedition safe, or go with only a couple of men to handle the boat and trust to this display of confidence in them to see me through. In the old days, any Spaniard outside of the Bongao block house was fair game, and only a few of the islands had ever been visited even in force. I already had notified the chiefs that we intended travelling through the islands with perfect

The old wharf at Taglibi

freedom, and if there were any picnics consisting of the shooting up of towns and yelling defiance after nightfall we would do it ourselves, while they would play the party of the second part. Some one had to start the new dispensation, so I concluded to take only Miller and Gibbons to handle the boat, and of course take along Datto Tanton as guide and official introducer. I also concluded to break the journey in two parts, one among the southern islands in the whitehall boat, then a return to Bongao and a change to a large native prau for the rougher and longer trip among the northern islands of the group.

We finally got away, and I will try to cut down on the descriptive part of sailing these summer seas, which has been so well done by others. The "beaches of pure white coral sand," the "coral reefs enclosing turquoise lagoons," the "moonlight of mother-of-pearl," the "purple shadows of the overhanging palms," the "cheerful hails of the fishermen and pearl-divers," are all too familiar now that there is a craze for South Sea books. On this expedition we were always aware of the natural beauties that surrounded us in a tropic world where only man is vile; but one rather loses sight of the beauty of a coral reef after spending half the night trying to get back to deep water after grounding on the submerged flat that extends for miles; the song of the mosquito will

obliterate all the soft sounds of nature except the resultant profanity, and one's ecstasies over an ylang-ylang tree in full bloom will be tempered if the local *bêche-de-mere* is being dried to windward. The events connected with the visit to a native village were in general similar: beating around a wooded point that gradually unveiled the village; the thunder of the sweet-toned Malay gongs; entering the sheltered cove, dropping the sail and manning the oars; the gradual approach to the village, built out on tall piles, thus giving the tides a chance at the sewerage; the flocking of the entire population to the beach to await our landing, headed by their chiefs—and we are there. Then the greetings and the walk to the house of the principal chief, followed by the entire highly coloured crowd, the approach to the raised and canopied dais at the end of every chief's hall, and the ceremonious offering of the place of honour at the head to myself, the seating of all the chiefs below me—and the conference is on. Usually as many of the inhabitants as possible crowd in and stand with mouth agape while we talk; for a chief's house seems to be about as private as a town hall. I will speak only of the few variations in this programme.

I ostentatiously carried a .45 Colt's revolver in my belt, more as a badge of office than anything else,

and always created a profound sensation by rising from the dais, going to a distant part of the hall, and hanging it on the wall before the conference began, and paying no further attention to it. This sign of perfect confidence in my dearly beloved people always caused a murmur of appreciation. But they were not aware that the cartridges in the revolver thus so confidently entrusted to them were blanks, while concealed in my blue flannel shirt was a .32 Smith & Wesson with something more practical in the cylinders. Of course, had anything ever started, I would have been hacked to pieces at once, so it is well that it never did; still it would have given me *some* satisfaction to have had a young sport pull down the .45 and open on me with blanks while I bestowed upon him something real from the Smith & Wesson.

Our visit to the large town of Tubigindaggan was somewhat unique, in that we did not arrive until late at night, after all the inhabitants had turned in. The tide was flood, so we sailed alongside the chief's house, and entered directly his great hall. He hastily caused lights to be brought, installed me as usual on the great dais, and presented his wife and sister-in-law. In the meantime, the town had wakened up, although the hall for a wonder was not invaded. Finally the voices of children outside became so strident that I asked the chief what it was

all about. He then informed me that the children had never seen a white man and that they were pleading to be allowed to enter and see the show, and for this he apologized. I then asked him to open the doors and give them their treat, and at once the hall was crowded to the doors. I do not think I have ever been so self-conscious. I sat cross-legged on the dais like the tattooed man in a side-show with a sea of shining eyes below me, that silently and breathlessly noted every movement and expression; and while I tried to keep up an intelligent conversation with the chief and appear unembarrassed, the strain became too great and I was speedily compelled to indicate that the show was over. He cleared the room with a word, and I was again left alone with the family.

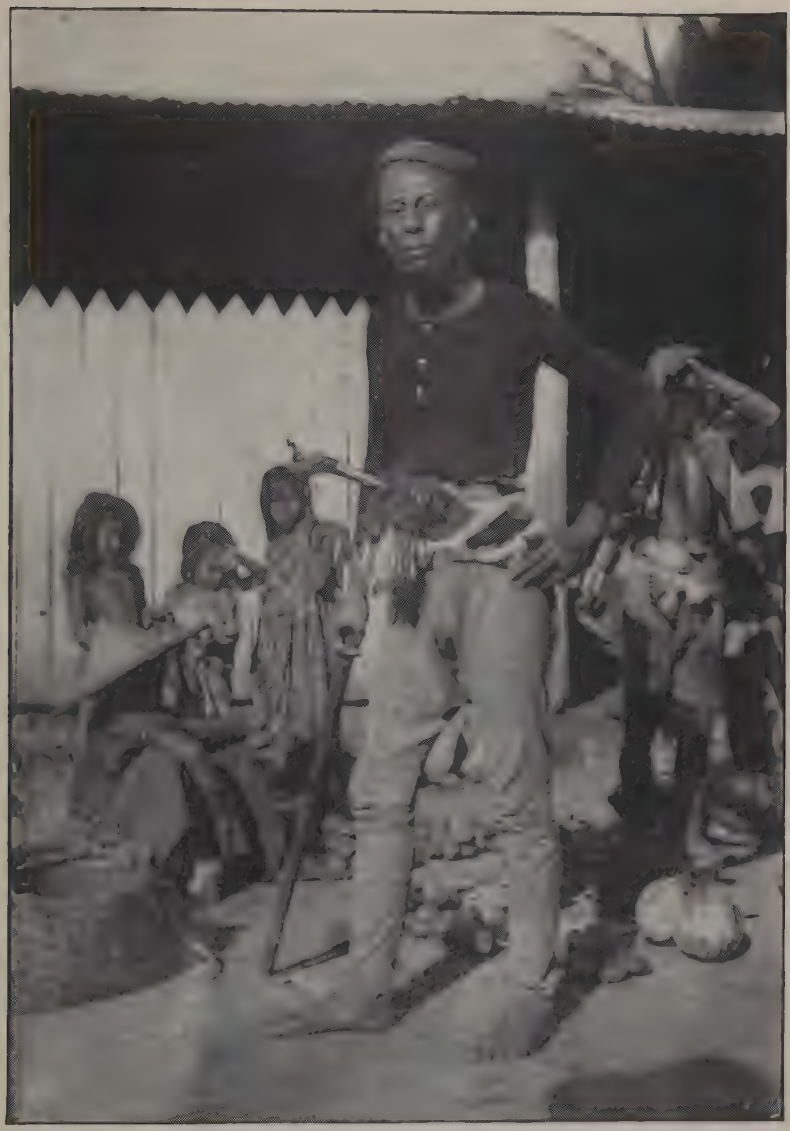
The chief was a modest, handsome, and intelligent young man who had recently made the pilgrimage to Mecca, hence the "Hadji" took precedence over his other titles. The sister-in-law was as bright and prepossessing as it is possible for a female Moro to be, and Tanton told me that she had recently left her husband, so I asked Hadji Halimon about her history. Such independence in one of her sex was quite uncommon. She was the daughter of Panglima Jeffol, the chief of Buan Island, a powerful and brutal man who had married her off, when ridiculously young, to a rich old man who was one of his pals and mainstays.

"I do not think I have ever been so self-conscious. I sat cross-legged on the dais like the tattooed man in a side-show"

When she finally left her sodden old lord and master and took refuge with her sister, Jeffol was enraged at the idea of returning the large sum paid for her, and threatened trouble. When I asked Halimon about divorce, he said it would be impossible before the lapse of three years, and even then she would have to return to her father and be resold, probably to some other wretched old capitalist. Knowing the power and brutal character of his father-in-law, this all gave Halimon much concern and he feared trouble.

He was perfectly correct about the trouble, and I might as well finish the story here. Some weeks afterward, the girl fell in love with a decent young Moro, and Halimon, in his religious capacity, was prevailed upon to perform the marriage ceremony. Soon afterward, a spy reported to him that Jeffol was organizing an expedition to carry fire and sword against his town. It was hopeless to resist, so with his family, the newly wedded couple and a few servants, he foolishly took to his boats and sailed for British North Borneo. In the meantime, he sent me a messenger, with the news, and begged me to save the innocent people of Tubigindaggan from extinction. I was thoroughly angry about this whole affair. Jeffol was a stubborn and headstrong man, who was already in my black books for a number of

small disloyalties, and so, as rapidly as possible, I sent a message to the people of Tubigindaggan to come to Bongao under my protection, and one to Jeffol that if he did not report to me at Bongao within twenty-four hours, or if he started out an armed expedition without my authority, I would move against his island at once. He delayed his expedition and reported at Bongao within the time limit. He was sullen and threatening, and I must admit that I handled him without gloves. I assured him that he would be summarily shot if he injured any of Halimon's family or friends, and that if he had any complaint against them it should be laid before me for judgment. I took up the matter of his petty disloyalty and disobedience in the past, and told him what he was, at some length. Tanton was present at the interview, and when I ended up my summation of the Panglima's character, the latter turned to Tanton and hissed, "I will kill him for that!" I did not understand the expression, but Tanton sprang to his feet and grabbed a heavy barong from among my trophies on the wall. Later, Tanton warned me never to use any expression coupled with the word "pig" to a Moro chief when I was unarmed. The interview ended by my circumscribing his powers, assuring him that he would be under constant surveillance, and ordering him to report to me each Sunday morning



A MORO OF SIASI ISLAND

Carrying in his belt the universal "barong," without which no Moro really feels dressed. With these wicked knives the Moro on a rampage often did a great deal of damage, and Colonel Cloman devised, as a punishment for minor infranctions of the law, the taking of "barongs" from the offenders for short periods. The moral effect was excellent.

to render an account of his stewardship. In case of further trouble, he was to lose his property and chieftaincy and be banished from the group. This ended that phase of the matter, but he was never a very cheerful week-end visitor.

As for Halimon and his party: On their way to Borneo they stopped at Sibutu Island and were invited to have the delayed wedding feast in a friendly chief's house. They went armed, of course, not knowing how closely they might be pursued, and the bridegroom placed his rifle close behind him and against a heavy red curtain that divided the room in half. During the feast the young couple were joked about the fact that since their marriage they had been so busy escaping with their lives that they had not yet kissed. Of course such a thing in public was unheard of, but it seems that the bridegroom rose to the occasion and straightway seized upon his bride who sat on a cushion next to him. There was a short struggle amid screams of laughter, the rifle fell to the floor and was discharged, and the bullet went squarely through the heart of the little bride. It is of interest to know that the charge of murder was included when the delectable Jeffol finally submitted his bill of particulars. All I could do was to place the bereaved husband under my protection, and during the remainder of my stay in the islands he lived at Sibutu in a thatched

shelter over her grave, which was daily covered with fresh blossoms and flowers.

To return to my visit to Halimon: After a peaceful night's sleep on the dais, I was aroused by my host with the modest statement that his women knew nought of our food and method of cooking, and he was afraid that I could not find the breakfast which was about to be served very appetizing. He was right.

A servant brought in an immense brass tray crowded with small dishes containing cooked fish, chicken, eggs and rice, while another brought the ewer of water and napkin with which the hands are washed before and after the meal. I wanted to be polite and appreciative and "messed about" in a vain effort to find something warranted to stay down, but it was impossible. It is difficult to spoil an egg, but scrambling it in rancid cocoanut oil will do the trick. After a dissertation on the American habit of fasting in the morning, I put in a couple of hours in conference with the chiefs, and then sailed on my way. The utter recklessness with which our young and healthy crew then plied hatchets on our cans of rations may be imagined.

During our swing through the southern islands I visited Sibutu. This was the southernmost of the Philippines and only nine miles from Borneo. It was left out of consideration at the Treaty of Paris in 1898, and the meridian bounding our possessions by

that treaty passed between it and Bongao. When this was discovered later, a new arrangement was necessary, for Germany was in the market for anything that had escaped us and it was very undesirable that she should be interjected between ourselves and the British possessions on the south, and furthermore command this narrow strait leading from the Asiatic coast to Australia.

A short time before my visit to Sibutu a gunboat brought me a despatch announcing its purchase by us, and directing me to assume charge of it and add it to my troubles.

It is a very prosperous community by reason of the pearl fisheries and other sea products, and the principal village contains about four hundred inhabitants. The island is surrounded by a coral flat from the edge of which the sounding line drops to 600 feet, so there is no anchorage except for small boats. Near the centre of the island the arch of an underground river of especially pure water has broken through, and this is believed by the natives to come from Borneo. When children are drowned in it, the parents row to sea about three miles to the east, and there sometimes the bodies come to the surface and are recovered.

The strait between Sibutu and Bongao is known to Moros as "The Black Water" and is very dangerous.

During certain seasons of the year the water rushes through it like a mill race, and only the lightest craft with good sails and many oars dare to make the passage. Once, while I was at Bongao, a canoe with three men was swept back and forth for eleven days before they reached land, and as they had water for but one day, their condition when rescued was pitiable indeed.

My visit was uneventful and the announcement that they had changed masters did not disturb them at all, the general idea being that of the young ladies in the Floradora sextette: "I must love some one truly, and it might as well be you." Little I thought during this pleasant visit that I should later become the Nemesis of this island; but a few months later there was one of those complicated, senseless, and bloody affrays there in which, as usual, some innocent people who were in no way concerned lost their lives. All the chiefs were implicated and I sent a messenger across the Black Water with the demand that they all come in and be tried. They quibbled about it and finally flatly refused to come. Because of the condition of the strait at this time, I did not dare trust an expedition on it in heavy boats, so simply replied that when the next steamer came in I would transport justice to them. A week or so later, one of the Maritima steamers came in

MOROS OF ZAMBOANGA

After being stationed at Bongao for about a year Colonel Cloman was transferred to Zamboanga, on the southwestern tip of Mindanao, the largest island of the southern Philippines.

and I loaded fifty soldiers and a couple of machine guns on her, and went over to straighten matters out. When we went ashore, leaving the steamer under way in the swift water off the coral flat, there was not one living inhabitant of the village left on the island except a lame goat that came out of the jungle and met us at the water's edge. I soon learned that upon receipt of my message, the entire population had loaded all movable effects on their boats and departed for the Darvel Bay region of Borneo. The wild people there surrounded them and they were limited to a stockade on the beach. They were dreadfully homesick for the fleshpots of Sibutu, and a messenger was continually being sent over with pleas for forgiveness. My answer was always the same as my first—come back and be tried. They remained in Borneo until, many months later, I was relieved by another officer, whom I had told about the case. After another series of messages with the same replies, they could stand their exile no longer, took a chance on the new man, and returned. They were then tried for their misdeeds, some severe punishments awarded, and proper provision made for the usual widows and orphans.

On the way back to Bongao, I stopped at the island of Manuk-Manka where there had recently been a strange affair. A large and diversified family had

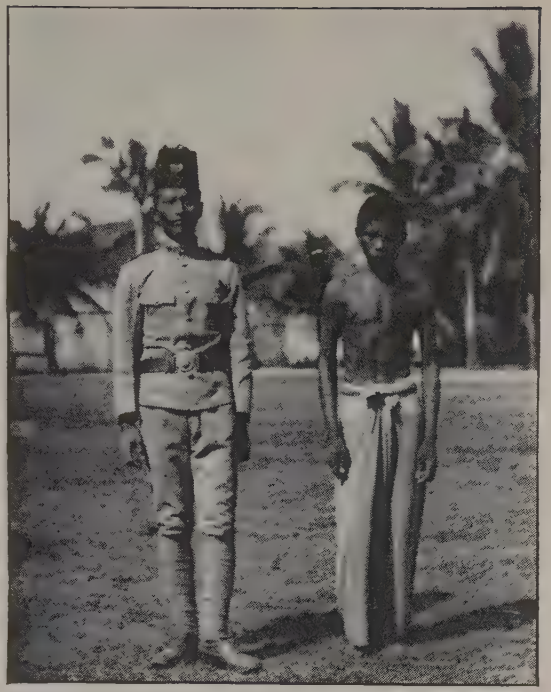
gone into the jungle to collect firewood, and as each bundle of faggots was completed it was bound with bejuco vine and left in place while they went deeper into the jungle for more. In the meantime another family had gone out for a similar purpose. When Family No. 1 returned to collect their bundles and carry them to the village, they found that Family No. 2 had found and claimed as their own one of the bundles cut early in the morning. This caused a violent altercation which finally developed into a fair-sized donnybrook with faggots for weapons. A scion of the first family, aged eleven, was caught in the midst of the mêlée and unfortunately this precocious youth had one of the chopping knives used in the jungle. He was scared to death, so simply shut his eyes and lashed out at any one that ran into him. When the dust of conflict blew away, it was found out that his execution had been truly abnormal. No less than nine of the party, friend and foe, bore the marks of his knife, including a man with his arm almost slashed off at the shoulder, and his own mother, with a gash across her back seven inches long. The culprit, who was a wide-eyed, prepossessing youth, was still scared to death about what his fate would be, but both families said that his fright alone was responsible, seemed to be very good friends, and told their stories laughingly as a joke on the boy. There seemed

to be nothing to do but read one of my usual lectures to all hands, but I am afraid that I grinned while I was doing it.

After I had visited each of the southern islands, I returned to Bongao for the larger and more seaworthy prau and continued my journey to the north. Here also one visit was very much like another with few exceptions, but a comical incident took place at Latuen. As already stated, there is a dais at the end of the chief's hall, and while it is large enough for several, the place of honour is at its head. In taking one's place, it is the proper thing for the senior to leave room for one above him, on the modest fiction that somewhere in the world there *might* be one still greater who is liable to arrive at any moment. After entering the hall there, I hung up my fake firearm as usual, and took this place. Several of the subordinate chiefs took their accustomed places below me, but my host with a conscious swagger and to my utter astonishment took the vacant place above me. Even at the risk of trouble this had to be corrected at once, which was done by taking him by the neck and hurling him into the crowd of chiefs below me. During this occurrence I succeeded in holding my placid visitor's smile, and although greatly shamed before his people, he took it very well. This is the only time in the islands when I was not cheerfully accorded all and

more than was my due. Sergeant Tabler and Private Gibbons, who were with me, always spoke of this with a shudder. It seems that they had a private plan in case of trouble to seize the knives of the natives next to them and wade in.

We stopped at the island of Secubun to see the ruins of the house of Tanton's forefathers. They were the great pirate chiefs of their day, and they must have been rich and powerful men. Like the modern houses, it was built on piles over the water, and these piles were of such size as to puzzle one how they were ever up-ended and driven. Tanton could remember it as a boy, and his stories of the power of his father and the state in which he lived were most interesting. We then crossed to northern Tawi-Tawi for a visit to Dungun, the ancient and deserted capital of the Sultanate of Sulu. I have never had a more wretched day. The acres of piles on which the houses once stood had caused the water to become stagnant, tropical vegetation had encroached, and the site was now a vast mangrove swamp on which we finally "landed." The only means of progress toward real land was along the roots and twisted boughs which were now bare at low tide. They were covered with slime, with pools underneath, and a misstep or a slip in the deep gloom meant an immersion in the swamp. It seemed like an Old



TWO MORO BROTHERS OF SIASI ISLAND

A MORO GIRL OF JOLO

People's Home for snakes, and the sluggish pythons looked so much like the roots that one must be perpetually on the *qui vive* to keep from grasping them. Several snakes were killed on the way in. Worst of all, the mosquitoes fed upon us in clouds, and battling with them while poised on the slippery mangrove roots was a super-feat of balancing. We finally reached a small rise of solid ground and there found all that was left of the glories of Dungun—a flight of marble steps slowly sinking into the swamp. On the top of the little hill is the grave of the first Sultan, the Arab who came to them over 300 years ago, converted them to Islam, and conquered all the islands to the north as far as Mindanao, and including a large part of Borneo. A yearly subsidy is still paid by Great Britain to the present Sultan for his rights there. The grave had a white canopy over it, and showed signs of having recently been visited. Datto Calbi, a great chief of Jolo, had made himself its guardian, but I judge that to be a sinecure while the mosquitoes exist. For the benefit of fortune hunters, I will add that the natives say that "buckets full" of wonderful pearls were buried with the Sultan, but if so, they are probably worthless by now. The sunlit sea never looked better to me than when we had worked our way out of the dreadful swamp and reached our boat.

The sail around the northern end of Tawi-Tawi was not to be forgotten. There is a line of small islands just off shore, extending for several miles, and the rushing tide has worn the channel between these and the large island into a perfect canal. The tide was with us, and without sail or oars we were swept through this canal with railroad speed, trusting all to our native steersman. After several other visits, we stopped at deserted Tamgagaan. These people, a few years before, had revolted against one of Tanton's edicts, and it has since been a lifeless island. Only a few cocoanut trees show that it has ever been inhabited. Tanton told with great gusto of this bloody campaign and it was here that his notable charm, or *anting-anting*, did some of its prettiest work.

When finally we started on our return journey down the northwest coast of Tawi-Tawi, I decided to stop at Tataan, once a Spanish garrison, but now deserted. When the Aguinaldo revolution of 1898 became desperate, the Spanish abandoned Bongao and concentrated both small garrisons at Tataan, and soon afterward it was the scene of a terrible tragedy. The troops were Filipinos with four Spanish officers in command. The soldiers were infected with the spirit of insurrection but, like the British in India, nothing could shake the confidence of the officers in

their men until too late. Suddenly the storm broke, and the officers and a few loyal non-commissioned officers were hunted down and killed like rats, while the mutineers became frightened, seized some native boats, and fled to Borneo, where they received no sympathy or assistance from the British and were limited to the beach by the fierce dyaks that surrounded them. When a small Spanish gunboat followed them they found themselves between two fires and were killed to a man. Several of the ruined buildings were still standing and my natives rehearsed the tragedy and pointed out where each of the officers had made his hopeless fight and met his fate. They seem to have been a brave and resourceful lot, and did their best to the last.

We camped that afternoon on a hill above Tataan, and there I saw an impressive spectacle. Two huge waterspouts were visible at sea, and one of them was working toward Tawi-Tawi. We all stood on the brow of the hill watching it moving slowly about when suddenly it took up a straight line for us. It swerved about so that the only thing to do was to stand still and await developments, and in any case we were more than a quarter of a mile from the beach. When it hit the beach below us, it seemed that the whole mass of millions of tons of water fell, the flood surging far up among the trees. There it

paused a few seconds, and then resolved itself into a cyclone that moved directly toward us, twisting the huge trees into matchwood. We stood there silent and appalled when one of our boatmen who was a sort of combined roustabout and medicine-man hastily kicked off what few clothes he had on, seized a naked kriss, and dashed down the hill to meet the storm. He yelled his pagan charms at the top of his lungs and kept slashing at the cyclone as if it were a living enemy. Before he reached it, it suddenly swerved about 45 degrees to the south and passed us by, with a fiendish uproar at a distance of a couple of hundred yards. When we looked for our boatman he was standing there bowing to us with a smirk like a prima donna after her solo, as if to say "This is really very easy when one knows how, but still I do it very well." The tension was at an end, and we shouted with laughter. He was quite a hero with us for the remainder of the trip, but later I had to banish him for some diversified rascality.

And, as Pepys would have said, from thence on home. This trip forms one of my happiest memories. Even the mosquitoes and snakes of Dungun have been obscured by time, and were counterbalanced by the wonderful days of sailing through these tropic islands, the comfortable nights on the beaches, and the interesting series of towns visited. But more than

all, the good companionship of our soldiers and native boatmen, their sense of humour and the merry way in which they met our numerous mishaps were unimportant things that have become very important in my memory.

MY FIRST BRIBE—AND OTHERS

I WAS from the first very anxious to meet the chiefs of these scattered and unruly islands, impress upon them that order was my first law, and by personal contact try to acquaint myself with their methods of thought and—what was equally important—let them get acquainted with mine. Hence soon after my landing I sent out an order to all chiefs to meet me at a certain date at Bongao, prepared to stay until our business was over. I had quick replies to my "invitation," and the head men of the different communities, with one exception, arrived on the date given, in great state, and with numerous retainers. The one exception was Panglima Djenal of Bilimbing, of whom more later. The Moro is at the best not a handsome person; and I venture to say that in the whole world there was not a more villainous-looking crowd than the one lined up before me on this occasion. Their scaly faces, small shifty eyes and awful mouths with blackened teeth, quite neutralized their highly coloured vestments and beautiful inlaid barongs and krisses. I already had discovered that a Moro chief expected to show his loyalty by kissing

the governor's hand; but our supply of disinfectants was limited, so coupled with the invitation to the durbar was an intimation that hand-kissing was forever taboo to an American. Furthermore, from previous experiences, I was aware that there is no such thing as a present in Asia. No difference under what circumstances it may be given, its acceptance is simply a notification to the giver that you accept the status of being under obligation to him either to make a like gift to him or to render a decision in his favour when the opportunity occurs. I certainly did not care to start my official career with such a handicap, so all chiefs were duly warned that the bringing of a gift to Bongao would be considered an insult by the Americans, and would be sure to get the bearer in wrong. Hence our meeting was unmarred by either moral turpitude or physical contact.

To return to Panglima Djenal: When the native messenger returned from Bilimbing, he told me that the old man was recovering from a severe attack of fever, and craved twenty-four hours' delay in reporting. He also told me that Djenal intended to bring with him for presentation to me a kriss that had been in his family for some generations, and that in other ways he expected quite to outshine his rivals. This seemed to me to be nothing but wanton disobedience, and would certainly be a poor example to the

other chiefs at our very first meeting. So I said, "Get into your boat, return to Bilimbing at once, and tell Panglima Djenal that if he brings me a present, I certainly shall punish him for disobedience of orders. Tell him how angry I am." And the messenger departed.

The event of the second day was the arrival of Djenal. He was a rich and powerful man, and when his fleet of fifteen praus with huge square sails of all colours of the rainbow came in before a fair breeze, with gongs beating and men dancing on the decks, it was a sight never to be forgotten. When he landed and came up to where we were in conference, business was suspended until he could approach and be received by me. My chair was somewhat elevated and as he came forward I quickly noted that he was accompanied by *two* knife bearers, so I knew that after all I had been disobeyed. However, I cordially greeted him, and awaited developments.

When I finally intimated that the conference was over for the day, Djenal stepped forward and begged a moment's delay. He then motioned to his extra kriss-bearer and said, "I wish to present you with a kriss that has been in my family for many generations. My only son was killed some years ago, and I have kept it sacredly for my grandson, who is still but a lad. Later, he will bless you for receiving it."

A TYPICAL MORO WOMAN

Of the better class. What seems to be a skirt is in reality a pair of voluminous trousers. The plaid is the popular *patadiong*

This was my cue for throwing a fit. I was really angry for this double and public disobedience, but I did not forget to rant a bit to make it more marked. During my tirade the old man stood there with raised hand and great dignity, and when at the end I asked him what explanation he had to offer, he impressively replied, "I received your order, and would have cut off my right hand rather than disobey you. But the following night Allah appeared to me in a dream and said, 'Panglima Djenal, the Americans have come, and their great chief is at Bongao. Take thou the kriss of thy grandson, and lay it at his feet.' The vision then faded away, and I must obey my God, no difference what punishment you may visit upon me. I am no longer concerned; the question is between you and Allah."

I was stumped. This was interjecting a Mahometan side-issue that might be of moment, and besides the matter was taking on a totally unwarranted importance so I brought it to a speedy close. Under these exceptional circumstances, I said that I would accept the knife and closed the conference.

During the night I looked over the kriss carefully, and also had Tanton set a value on it. It had a handle of Borneo ivory with two thin rings of gold and blade inlaid with silver. At current prices at that time, we both valued it at $30 Mex., or $15 gold.

The chiefs at that time were very anxious to get American $5 gold pieces to hang on their wrist chains.

So next morning when the final session of the conference was about to end, I called Djenal before me and addressed him as follows: "Panglima Djenal, last night as I lay in my bed asleep, Allah appeared before me in a great light and said, 'You have with you here, Panglima Djenal, a wise and loyal chief, who will keep his people in order, obey all your commands, and assist you in every way. Before he leaves for his town, you shall present him with three $5 gold pieces." Djenal must have known the value of his kriss for he started back and said, "Tuan, you are trying to pay me for the knife!" I have been in amateur theatricals myself, so I cast the $15 at his feet and said, "I have obeyed Allah. The question is now between you and Him." As I walked away, I could hear Djenal expostulating, while the chiefs of less delicate fibre were advising him to accept the gold pieces without further ado.

I thought the matter was ended to the mutual satisfaction of Allah, Djenal, and myself, so after lunch I went into my darkened room for a siesta. I was awakened by some one kissing my hand and when I sprang to my feet, somewhat dazed, I found Djenal, kneeling at my bedside, I saw Abdallah, the interpreter, peering through a crack of the door, and

howled at him to enter and find out why any one had dared to sneak in there. I then learned that Djenal could wait no longer, as he had to leave on this tide; that he had to speak to me before he left; that while he was a good Mahometan and was fairly familiar with those religious precepts, yet he had never been to Mecca: that I was all-wise and would be able to instruct him on any obscure point of the faith, etc. I broke in at this point with the inconsiderate exclamation, "Find out what the idiot is talking about and what he wants." Djenal then concentrated as follows: "I know, Tuan, that Allah appeared to you and mentioned the sum of $15. Now would it be a sin if you should increase the amount He named, and bestow upon me, let us say, one more $5 gold piece?"

Needless to add that I called him a heretic for thus questioning a direct command of Allah, predicted—and in fact might have expressed a wish—that he would go straight to hell, and ended by casting him forth from my chamber into outer daylight. But my siesta was ruined.

It was not long before all the natives knew that the Americans at Bongao, while otherwise fairly sane, would not receive a valuable present, but that a common and worthless offering like a rare plant or animal from the jungle seemed to give them a strange pleasure. Our doctor, who was tireless in helping

the sick, also became the recipient of many gifts, and soon our small gardens were a wonderful sight and our menagerie embarrassingly large and varied. The line of seven cottonwoods in front of my door were natural hitching posts for Jane (our beloved monkey), Wahb (a Borneo bear), two large black apes, (also from Borneo), a baby orang-outang, an iguana lizard five feet long, and a huge pop-eyed land crab. Each had a character and interesting life of its own, but the collection was subject to perpetual change. The foot-high land crab was preserved and sent to an American museum; the two apes were so unintelligent that after a year's care and kindness they did not know us, and on the approach of any one they screamed with rage and terror to the end. Their size and strength were such as to make them a real danger when free, so they were turned loose in the jungle and the soldiers had a two-days' field-exercise in hunting them down. The baby orang died, in spite of the doctor's care, and we thus lost our greatest prize. Wahb and Jane were with us through it all, and when I was ordered away, my affection for the former was so great that I took him with me. He will be remembered by all travellers in the Islands between 1899 and 1902, and in fact I am afraid I was widely known as the owner of Wahb rather than as a great military genius.

THE INTERIOR OF A MORO HOUSE

With the inhabitants playing their native musical instruments. In such houses as this Colonel Cloman was entertained by the dattos he visited.

Ten years later I alighted from a train at 3:30 A. M. in the Union Station at Indianapolis. While crossing a track in the glare of a locomotive light, I was followed by the fireman who said, "I beg your pardon, but aren't you the officer who had the pet bear in Zamboanga in 1901?" He turned out to be an ex-sergeant of the 31st Infantry, and needless to say I grounded my luggage and gave him Wahb's history. And I will do so here.

A Borneo prince with his suite came over to pay his respects to me one Sunday morning late in 1899, and presented me with a black ball consisting mostly of teeth, claws, and deviltry. It was Wahb, less than a week old, but his fierceness was remarkable for such a young animal. The giver was a strangely repellent type of Malay, and his scant popularity with me waned to the vanishing point when he cheerfully gave as a reason for the bear's bad temper that he had given him nothing to drink for three days. After trying several things, I discovered that the poor baby could retain on his stomach a mixture of fresh cocoanut juice and condensed milk, but it was eighteen hours before he became normal and could go to sleep. I would not speak further with his brutal captor, and gave him every opening to leave the place at the earliest moment. But instead of that he hung about all morning and took every opportunity

to "butt in" on my business and conversation, while the cries of the little bear rang in my ears all the time.

I tried my cases on Sunday morning, and on this particular Sunday I had a complicated "woman case." Such cases were always unwelcome and exasperating. Slavery was concealed under all sorts of guises, such as relationship and guardianship, and the worst of it was that the woman herself could not be depended upon to tell the truth but was inclined to choose the easiest way. Even if her position in a household were not a legal one, she could not be allowed to become a derelict, and in the main it was best to leave her with the people who had raised her. But I detested going into these shadowy matters, and my cheerfulness and patience usually ebbed quickly in this atmosphere of evasion and lying.

When I called the case on this particular morning, the gaudy and cheeky Borneo sport proceeded to elect himself master of ceremonies. I asked him if he was interested in the woman in any way but he disavowed this. I warned him several times to keep still, but when finally I put the woman on the stand he moved alongside of her and would whisper to her what answers to make to my questions. Time and again I told him not to do this and all the time I was reaching the boiling point. Finally, when he impudently disobeyed me again, I for the second time

in my life saw blood-red. I do not remember crossing to him. I only remember the delicious joy I had in giving him what is known in prize-ring circles as a wallop. Wahb was at last avenged, although it is not a beautiful thought now. The disconsolate suite supported him down to his boat, and I am glad to say I never saw him again.

Wahb then was assigned the end cottonwood as a local habitation. Next to him and within easy reach was Jane, who at once adopted him. She was getting along in years, and this big baby appealed to all her suppressed maternal instincts. She would put her tiny arms as far around his comparatively huge body as possible and try to hold him to her breast and make the little cooing sounds of a mother-monkey. Wahb would look at her with utter amazement and the domestic scene usually ended by the bear giving her a resounding cuff while the indignant Jane would fly at him and sink her teeth into him in a way that would speedily put him to flight. Later when he grew larger she loved to sit on his back and ride him about, and a more ridiculous sight could not be imagined.

The Borneo bear is a small but extremely strong animal, with all the comical bear attributes enhanced to the utmost. His head is too large for his body, his short legs are bowed so that he can pull logs to pieces in search of grubs and honey, and his claws

are of abnormal length. When he runs, both of his hind legs go on the outside of his front ones, in the way beloved of our cartoonists. He soon learned to love his daily bath, and throughout his life he followed me or lay at my feet like a dog. When taking a stroll he would dash ahead for fifty yards and then look back to see if I were coming. Should I, in the meantime, step in a doorway and hide, there was a worried bear until he found me. Owing to the good care and food, he grew larger and stronger than his race, and the natives always told me that I would have to kill him just before he was full-grown, as they became very fierce then. I pooh-poohed this, but it was true. One day I returned from the jungle, and he met me with the most playful delight, but suddenly, without warning, he attacked me. Happily I had a heavy club about the size of a baseball bat, and we had it out in the good old way. I put dents in his horny skull that he never forgot, and he not only thereafter remained a pet but if at any time I should speak sharply to him or stamp my foot, he would at once stand on his head and cover it with his paws. He followed me in all my wanderings in the Philippines, and was the hero of many amusing incidents. At Zamboanga in Mindanao there were many Chinese restaurants, and his sensitive nose could locate their pungent odour from afar. He soon learned that the

A MORO SPEAR DANCE

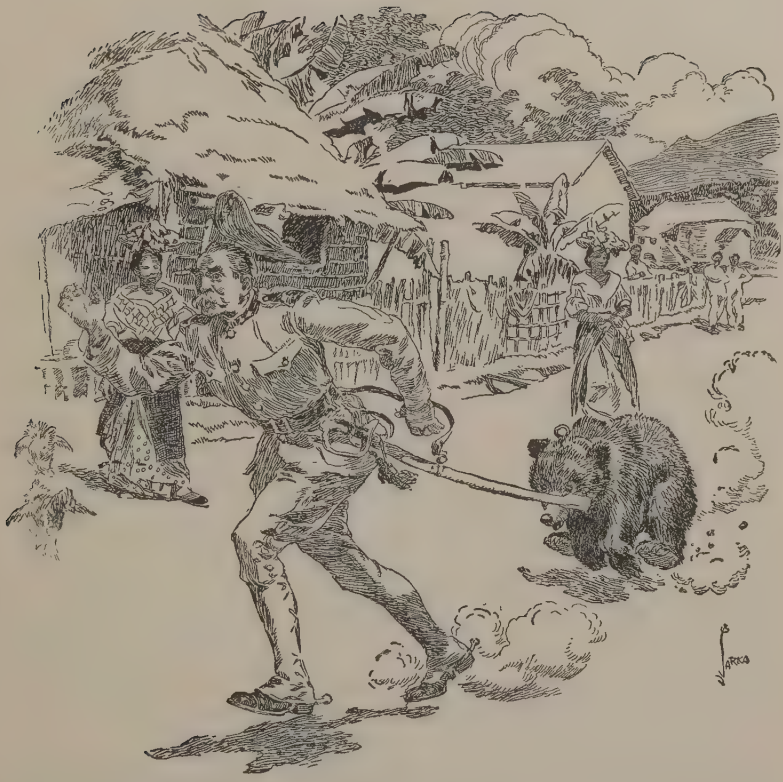
These Moros are natives of Zamboanga, the southernmost town in Mindanao.

Chinese were afraid of him and when he would catch a whiff of the chop suey, he would dash wildly ahead, usually with myself yelling in pursuit. His turn into the doorway would be followed by the exodus of the Chinese with their cues flying, and by the time I arrived he would be in a chair finishing their interrupted meal. It was also at Zamboanga that Wahb made the acquaintance of Bessie, the General's fox terrier. Immediately after breakfast they would start looking for each other, and usually met in my office. Then ensued a fight, Bessie doing all she could to hurt Wahb, but the latter carefully refrained from doing anything but wrestle and occasionally box the dog's ears. This would go on for twenty minutes with General Kobbe, Pershing, Stanton, Captain Kobbe, the general's son, and all the men from the surrounding offices as spectators, when a truce would be declared until the following morning. Often the bear would have the dog's whole head in his mouth, but not once did he ever hurt her; and this while Bessie was fraying his ears in the most heartless way.

Wahb went with me through the campaign in northern Mindanao and his penchant for dashing ahead of me brought forth a comical incident. I was going up a street in Cagayan leading to the plaza, when General Kobbe saw the bear rushing ahead as usual. It occurred to him that it would be great fun

to scare a bear and so he hid behind a hedge and when Wahb came opposite, he jumped out in front of him with a loud "Boo." I heard this followed by a scream of rage, and when I looked up, Kobbe was flying for his life toward the stone church, closely followed by the infuriated bear, every hair on end and spraddling along at high speed with his legs mixed up in a way that would have driven Zimmerman or Goldberg wild with joy. I joined in the chase with loud cries to call him off, but it was only with the greatest reluctance that he gave up the pursuit. When finally I had the chain on him, Kobbe came out of his refuge a little pale around the mouth and greeted me with, "Kid, I'll never try to scare another bear as long as I live!"

About this time I had an interesting adventure which will permit relating. The Commander-in-Chief of the insurrectionary forces against which we were operating was a Colonal Velez, a prominent, educated and much loved citizen of Cagayan. He developed a surprising genius for guerrilla warfare and gave us much trouble. Every expedition sent out against him came to naught, and in one case at least he had given us a very pronounced trimming. Finally, a large force with mountain artillery was sent against his stronghold at Macajambus, only to find it abandoned, and once more the discouraged expedition



"General Kobbe was flying for his life, followed by the infuriated bear." (Wahb)

straggled home without result. His whereabouts remained unknown for some time, and we could not do anything but sit about and yearn for his capture.

It became a sort of obsession with us, and several times I said at the mess that I had luck in that direction, told of my capture of three Indian murderers in South Dakota, and jokingly gave it as my belief that I would some day catch Velez. As I was Inspector General of the Department and had no command, my joke was rather rubbed in on me by the General, and Pershing.

Suddenly a native spy reported that Velez and a small detachment were in the town of Opol, about thirteen miles away. An expedition of forty mounted men was hastily organized to make a dash for him at daylight the next morning, and Major Case, a fine soldier and an old friend of mine, was designated to command it. Case invited me to join the expedition, and the General finally consented provided I go as a private soldier and attend to my own business. After a hard early morning ride over the jungle trails, we neared the town, formed a half circle in the brush, and received orders at a given signal to make a wild dash for the plaza and stone church, where the insurrectos would be found, if anywhere.

I was riding a hard-mouthed brute of a horse that had been worrying me all morning, and I was craving

to turn him loose and give him enough of it. Finally the signal was given and away we went at top speed. There was no doubt about the success of our surprise party, for men, women, and children scurried from cover, with screams of terror, but alas! the plaza was deserted. Some natives were rounded up and pumped by the interpreter, but they said that Velez had never been in the vicinity, and his band certainly was not in the town now. So the detachment dismounted in the plaza and proceeded to enjoy their rest and sandwiches.

In the meantime, I was not among those present. On reaching the plaza, I found that my horse was beyond control and he passed through it and down a straight sandy road running parallel to the beach and about a half mile from it. After running for about a mile through the heavy sand he began to think that he might be wrong after all, and by this time we had reached a crossroad down which I could see the bay. I turned him into this with the intention of going to the end and returning to the town by way of the beach, thinking that by that time friend horse would be willing to listen to reason. I put in my spurs and we silently clumped along through the deep sand, finally emerging from the underbrush on the beach. He was going full speed and I could not check him until he reached the water's edge, during which few

seconds I realized that I had passed through the middle of a detachment of insurrectos.

I turned him around in time to see the last of them scurrying into the brush, for my sudden appearance could mean to them only the charge of American cavalry. I could have kissed them good-bye. I then found that I had cut off two disreputable looking specimens who were near a fisherman's boat in the shallow water. These I put under my revolver, and marched them up the beach ahead of me in spite of their voluble pleas that they were but poor fishermen and had nothing whatever to do with the others. In the course of time we entered the plaza and came within sight of our detachment. I was amazed to see our interpreter dash out and clasp one of my disreputable captives to his breast with every indication of joy, finally turning to me with the exclamation, "Do you know whom you have captured? This is Colonel Velez!" The Colonel's only request was that he be allowed to change his jungle clothes for uniform before we took him in, and when the exultant detachment started for home our captive was an impressive figure in the white uniform of a Colonel, mounted on a beautiful sorrel pony, with new military equipment. Velez was soon released, gave his intelligent efforts to his country in reconstruction, and in time became a splendid governor of the province.

The only official record of this incident is Case's report that "the troops under my command succeeded on (mentioning the date) in capturing Colonel Velez," all of which is commendably unemotional and perfectly true.

Cagayan, while containing a large American garrison, was virtually a besieged town. The surrounding jungle was full of guerrillas, and our lines extended out only far enough to take in the wharf, about two miles away, and a few outlying villages. One of these was Gusa, and as there was a good road running to it, this was usually the terminus of the daily afternoon rides of General Kobbe, Pershing, and myself. The Presidente of this village was a nice man, who also was the owner of a nice house, an ancient piano, and a modern daughter. We would enter his *sala* for our rest, be heartily welcomed by the Presidente, and soon his daughter would appear in spotless *piña* and face covered with rice powder, and hammer the piano for our delectation. One thing about the old father that greatly impressed us was that he would never sit down in the presence of the General. No matter how the latter would protest at this exaggerated courtesy, the old man would reply, "No, My General, I would be unhappy to sit in your august presence, so please permit me to have my way, even though you think me foolish."

A GROUP OF MORO CHILDREN AT THEIR WATER SPORTS

The natives of the Sulu Islands are familiar with the water from their earliest childhood.

Once a spy reported that the guerrilla officers were going to meet in a certain place for a night conference, and a battalion of the 28th Infantry was ordered to try a surprise round-up. It was successful and when the blood-thirsty crew were brought in, it was found to include our old Presidente. We then discovered why he would have been unhappy sitting in the presence of his general. Some weeks before, he had been shot in the part of the body most concerned, and the unhealed wound was treated by our surgeons, thereby decreasing this abnormal Spanish courtesy. Why he had not filled his house with guerrillas and quietly "done us in" during one of our many visits, we could never understand. It might have made quite a difference in the World War seventeen years later.

But to return to Wahb. When after three years I was ordered home, the thought that he and I were to be separated was unbearable. Because of the bubonic plague, the regulations forbade any importation of animals from Asia into America, but I was determined to accomplish it in some way, and I had faith in the backing of Governor-General Taft and General Chaffee, both of whom knew Wahb. So I submitted a request for the importation backed by affidavits from surgeons and others covering his entire life from seven days on, and stating that he had never had a sick day, had bathed daily, and had never

harboured a flea in his life. This finally brought forth a permit from the Treasury Department to bring him home, provided I would present him to the National Zoo in Washington. I accepted the condition, leaving the practical details as to *when* the presentation should take place for future consideration.

The gunboat *Annapolis* was about to start for home, so the officers invited Wahb aboard as an honoured passenger, to join me later in San Francisco. Of course he became a great favourite with the jackies, and his life on board was a most pleasant one. While the *Annapolis* lay in Yokohama Harbour, a boat was sent ashore for sand to scrub decks, and of course Wahb was taken along. He seemed very restless and excited on the way in, and on reaching the beach ran back among the sand dunes and raced about in a curious way, but this was thought to be simply his delight in getting on land again. Finally he lay down. When the sailors had filled their sandbags and went back to get him, he was cold in death. He was taken aboard and hurried into the sick-bay, but the surgeon's services were limited to a post-mortem. This revealed that just before going ashore he had drunk about a pint of green paint that had been left within his reach, and so poor little Wahb and his impressionistic insides were buried at sea with appropriate ceremonies. I have never had a pet since.

SELUNGUN

ONE morning while walking down toward Bongao Point, I noticed a large prau of rather unusual build and decoration beating in toward the landing place. I watched it land, saw the crew changing their breech-clouts to more elaborate and highly coloured costumes, and so concluded that I might expect strange "callers," and returned to my house. Soon a procession consisting of one old man and six striplings made its appearance coming up the road.

I noted that the old man wore an elaborate metal breastplate and carried a three-pronged spear, and knew that this proclaimed him an official messenger of the Sultan of Sulu. Now the Tawi-Tawi islands form one of the three groups of which the sultanate of Sulu is composed; and while the actual authority of the Sultan over these islands was undisturbed by our treaty with him, I knew that the Governor of Sulu had warned him against "starting anything" in my islands without getting my consent and advice. I was not surprised, then, when the old man formally placed in my hands a *surat* from his distant and un-

important majesty. The governor had also warned me that if I should receive a request from the Sultan without his visé, I would in general be right if I should first say "no," and then think it over. But the one I now read seemed to be of such character as to require immediate action.

After the usual polite expressions, the letter stated that Selungun the pirate had passed through the Sulu islands with one prau and a small force; that he had committed some unimportant depredations on the scattered fishing boats, and later when he met a rich trader's boat he murdered the two men and one boy in it, seized the valuable cargo, and burned the boat; that these were friends of the Sultan; that Selungun had then entered the Tawi-Tawi group and was now probably with friends on Simunul Island. He therefore asked that the bearer of the note and his party be permitted to arrest the pirates and return them to his capital, Maibun, for trial and execution.

I certainly would permit all this. But after looking over the aged gentleman and his six anemic striplings, I was fain to suggest my doubts about the strength of his force. I was then favoured by an outburst from all hands in which they spoke of themselves in the highest terms, told what wonderful warriors they were and how they would eat up Selungun and all his hosts with ease. However,

THE "SWEET TONED MORO GONGS"

Colonel Cloman refers occasionally throughout his series to the Moro gongs, which are universally used in the Sulu Archipelago. This photograph shows an orchestra of them. The series of gongs mounted in the wooden frame is called a *Kalintangan*.

while perfectly willing that the Sultan should make the play, I detained them long enough to write a letter to the four chiefs of Simunul, directing them to assist with their full strength in making the capture. The old fellow then sailed for Simunul with much pomp and loud predictions of military glory.

Early next morning I was surprised to find the messenger and his crew once more on my doorstep, with the news that Selungun and his band were in the house of Maharajah Tawassil on Simunul, but that the chiefs, after due consideration, had declined to assist him in making the arrests. The messenger's yearning for gore seemed to have entirely dropped out of his repertoire, and he now heartily begged my help.

This news had given me a problem of my own. From the first I had made absolute and instant obedience to my orders a cardinal requirement, the penalty being deposition from the chieftaincy and banishment. There seemed to be no excuse whatever for this impudent and studied refusal.

Maharajah Tawassil I had never met. I had heard of him as a rich trader with Celebes and South Borneo, with vague rumours about opium and stolen goods as a side line. He owned a house on Simunul which he visited at long intervals, and this fraterniz-

ing with Selungun was suspicious and disquieting, especially when taken in conjunction with the refusal of the chiefs to arrest Selungun while under his roof. The whole matter needed to be straightened out, and instant action was required. However, I hoped to get through without bloodshed. I had recently had enough of that, and so planned even to take a few chances rather than to have a mix-up that could be avoided. So I concluded to go over to Simunul at once with Herman Schuck, the interpreter, in a swift boat. Herman was one of a family of four boys who had been brought up on a coffee plantation on the island of Jolo. They all had married Moro women, spoke Malay like natives, and were well thought of. Some years before, Herman had gone to North Borneo and developed a tobacco plantation, but had recently returned and settled down as a wood-cutter at Bongao. Later he was beheaded by the natives.

Lieutenant Laubach was to follow me with a detachment of twenty-five men in a heavy prau. I hoped that my arrival alone would stop any armed resistance, while if trouble did come, Laubach would not be far behind me. Datto Tanton was visiting Secubun Island, so I also dispatched a message to him to report to me at Simunul with what men he had with him. The old messenger and his lumbering crew

were left out of my calculations altogether, and I did not care when they would arrive. I rather suspected, however, that their boat would remain behind that of the soldiers.

I then left at once in a light sailing outrigger canoe for Simunul. We could see Laubach and his prau in our wake until we rounded the western point of Simunul, and I knew he would not be far behind us. After rounding this point we found the tide turning against us, but we managed to make the beach with the light craft without difficulty, and I did not think then that this tide was to delay the soldiers for a good hour later than expected, and that I was to cast many a longing glance toward that point before I saw them again.

On approaching the town the alarm gongs began to beat, but I was reassured by seeing the four unarmed chiefs coming to meet me on the beach. When I stepped ashore, they all kneeled and tried to kiss my hand.

I spurned this hypocrisy and said, "You have disobeyed my order, and for this you will all answer. Where is Selungun?"

"In the house of Maharajah Tawassil, Tuan," they replied.

"The eldest of you will remain here and the other three arrest Selungun and bring him here to me.

Let no one speak to me until my order is obeyed," I said.

They hurriedly slunk away, and were gone for a long time while I got more and more angry. Finally the disconsolate three crept back without Selungun, and began a chorus of pleading that I stopped at once. I was too angry by that time even to ask for information. I simply said, "Lead the way to Tawassil's house and I will do your work." However, I did glance toward the point, and while the prau was not in sight, I knew that Laubach and his detachment must be on the beach in a few minutes. So we started off among the quiet and seemingly deserted houses, with the chiefs inclined to hang back and refrain from showing much enthusiasm. They had my dictum not to speak to me until Selungun was arrested and they obeyed me.

Now I knew exactly what was going to happen. As a general rule I did not make arrests personally, but occasionally in emergencies I had done so to shame the chiefs, or for other reasons. I knew that Selungun would be sitting alone in Tawassil's house brooding over the cook-fire; that I would take him by the neck and throw him down the steps leading to the door; and that the whole incident would be about as exciting as the spanking of a child. It had all happened before without variations.

"Moro kids dancing." The box-like instrument behind the boy dancing is the "gabang."

After passing through the irregular maze of houses, I asked the chiefs, "Where is this Tawassil's house," and they replied, "Just around that corner, Tuan." But when a moment later I stepped around the said corner, I was confronted by a situation that bore no resemblance to those of the past In the first place, the house was surrounded by a hastily constructed *cota* or coral fort, about ten feet high. In the second place, outside of the narrow gateway stood four Moros stripped to the waist and armed with Mauser rifles which they at once dropped on me. With what process of thought I with one motion swept the chiefs in front of me, I know not, but I suppose it was entirely instinctive. But I do remember that at almost the same instant I pressed my revolver against the back of the chief in front of me and said "Talk."

Herman was just behind me and added his voice to the chorus of what a devil of a fellow I was, how thousands of Americans were on their way to avenge me, and anything else that appealed to them as a reason why those awful Mausers should be lowered. And they were actually successful. First one and then another hesitated, lowered his rifle, and finally fled back through the gateway into the interior of the *cota*. I knew the Moros well enough to believe that the worst was over for the present, and another in-

cident would be necessary to rouse them to this extent again. I therefore pushed my advantage, and did not hesitate to force the chiefs up close to the walls of the fort; which was really a less exposed stand. I then instructed my chorus to demand that Maharajah Tawassil come out before me at once. The revolvers of Schuck and myself, still pressed against the chiefs, were conducive to eloquence, and finally he came out stripped but unarmed. We added him to our merry chorus, and when I suggested a change in our refrain to "Selungun must come out," it was unanimously adopted and the bleating continued with a tenor reinforcement from Tawassil. In the meantime I was doing some strenous thinking. I knew that we were comparatively safe while alone and near the fort, but that any attempt to march them away from their men would precipitate a mêlée in which I could distinctly recognize my finish.

When finally the magnificent and fearless Selungun strode out and joined us, all I could think of to gain time was by instructing Herman to "keep asking them any d—d fool questions you can think of and slowly translate their replies." I could not see the bay because of the near-by houses, but I knew that something had happened to make Laubach so late. In the meantime how I did yearn for some one to

get me out of the unholy pickle into which I had so blithely submerged myself. Even then I thought of the historical gentleman who grasped the bear's tail, but found no subsequent opportunity to let go.

Selungun himself solved the first problem of how to get away from the fort. We were standing in a low swale which wound up from the bay, and the incoming tide was spreading over it and creeping toward us. When the water touched our feet, the self-possessed pirate said, "Why stand here? Why don't we go to the higher ground on the other side?" to which I gravely assented, and we soon put some important distance between our captives and their armed friends in the fort. I hunched the party forward as far as possible and just as we stopped and renewed the talk, around and through the houses came running Laubach and those long-awaited soldiers looking for me. Selungun and Tawassil were bound and led off to the open beach where we established our bull pen, while the others hastily surrounded the *cota*. The garrison surrendered and gave up their arms, and it seemed to me that I *never* would have the opportunity of using my hand-grenades. Soon after my arrival in the islands, I had been confronted with the coral fort problem, and as I had no artillery, I had tried to solve it in another way. I had gone over to Sandakan, the capital of British North Borneo, and sup-

plied myself with 120 pounds of stick dynamite and the necessary fuses. Seven sticks of dynamite exactly fitted a tomato can, and this with fuse adjusted and well wrapped into a solid package made a grenade which if tossed into any *cota* in the islands would have ended its career as a defense. Several times I thought I would be forced to use them, but some less deadly method always sufficed, and finally after several months when the dynamite showed signs of dangerous deterioration, I used them up in shooting fish in the deep water near Bongao.

We then marched twenty-nine more men out of the *cota* and tied them up with the two chiefs. An inspection of the fort brought to light a number of rifles, spears, knives, and cartridges, but little else of value, except three large and beautiful praus anchored near its walls. The arms and boats were confiscated by me, and then the entire nest was given to the flames. Later in the evening I was told that a party of women wanted to see me, and they turned out to be Tawassil's wife and servants. She said she had been carried away by him from Palawan, and asked that she be divorced and returned to her home, to which I assented. It took three years to obtain a divorce through regular Mahometan channels, while there was no limit on mine; so I had noted that branch of my business showed a gratifying increase.

"Finally the magnificent and fearless Selungun strode out"

It had developed into a gorgeous moonlight night; we were all hungry and a cheerful fire burned on the beach, so I ordered a rest and food. And then Tanton arrived.

He had received my message, hastily collected all the warriors he could find, and started for Simunul at once. I don't believe any of us will forget his arrival. His fleet of fifteen large praus came in, the huge square sails black against the white moonlight, with such reckless haste that the sails did not fall to the decks until the keels touched the sand. His two hundred men armed with knives and long spears then jumped overboard and ran to me. He had thought the beach fire a signal, and hence the hurry. He was greatly disappointed that it was all over, and begged at least that his men be allowed to guard the prisoners. I told him that he could furnish half the detail and to put on wise and trustworthy men who could talk with the prisoners, and get all possible information out of them during the night. Soon, much to their joy, the chosen men were standing about the prisoners with their long spears flashing in the moonlight.

After supper I was a busy man. I went over the large pile of captured arms, and found that several of the rifles were in excellent condition and that a few of the knives and spears were of some beauty and value.

One barong especially, with inlaid blade and full handle of gold, I had never seen equalled. It was recognized at once by Tanton as having been stolen some months before from the Rajah Muda, the brother of the Sultan and the Crown Prince of Sulu. The history of this knife forms a story by itself and will be given later. The arms were carefully piled on the beach, a tent fly pulled over them, and a corporal and his "bunkie" put in charge of them with orders for one man to remain awake at all times.

I spent most of the night talking to Selungun and the other prisoners, one by one. The former was certainly the finest specimen of the Malay race that I had seen. Tall, well-built, dignified, and fearless, he either spoke the truth or remained silent. He would tell me nothing of his life or past villainies, and denied any active part in the Maibun murders but would not deny that they were done by the men under his command. Months afterward I found out all about him, but at this time the only allegation against him was the murder for which the Sultan demanded his extradition. I also found, by questioning the others, that several of them were village youngsters who had become "locoed" from excitement and had run to the *cota* as a protection against the storm of fire with which they expected us to sweep the place, and had no interest in Tawassil or Selungun in any

A MORO STORE

With a typical group of Moros lounging about. Fighting and going to sea in their swift *vintas* and praus seem to be more to the liking of most Moros than trading.

way. The others were of various degrees of culpability. I also got some information from Tanton's sentries.

The next morning I sat in state on a couple of ammunition boxes and proceeded with the trials. Selungun and his men were turned over to the old messenger and his party to be transported to the Sultan at Maibun, and receive their just deserts. Several others who were inhabitants of my group received heavy fines and an ultimatum regarding their future conduct. I sadly needed a large sum to build a new market-house at Bongao, which rather pointed the way stern justice should take. Tawassil and his henchmen were taken with me, to be tried later when I could dispel some of the clouds from their murky pasts. Months later, Tawassil died in prison being assisted in this laudable act probably by the fact that his opium was shut off. My four spineless local chiefs were awarded such fines as definitely removed my cherished market-house from the realms of doubt. There remained only the village youths who had guessed wrong about which way to run in case of trouble, and I wanted them to be taught a lesson, confirm Tanton's position as their overlord and my ally, and at the same time I wanted to see the old Datto in action as a court of justice. So I called Tanton to the front and said, "I shall now turn over

these youths to you to be judged. Take into consideration their respective ages and intelligence, find out why each one entered the fort instead of staying with his own chief or coming to me, and release the innocent or punish the guilty with exactly the same justice that you expect of Allah when you appear before His judgment seat." The old fellow seemed rather dazed, but inquired what the limit was. I promptly replied, "No more than $15, and then only to him who fully deserves it." As he still looked dazed, I asked him why he did not begin the trials. He replied, "Oh, I did not know that you were ready"; then turning to the scared-looking youths he howled, "Get out of here, every one of you, and borrow $15 from your relatives and if you are not back in ten minutes I will chop your heads off!" The "accused" scattered like partridges to raise the coin, and it was too late to stop them. I told Tanton: "You were very wrong. I told you to adjudge the guilt or innocence and give punishment in each case, and this is no justice at all." The old fellow put his hand on my shoulder—the only time he ever did such a thing—and replied, "You do not know them as I do, Tuan. If one should not be guilty of this, he is surely guilty of something else, so the only true justice is to give them all the limit!"

In the meantime the old messenger had been a busy

and important man, and finally came and asked me to inspect his handiwork. He led me down to his prau and showed me Selungun and the other pirates bound hand and foot with bejuco vine and then lashed along the gunwale like so many logs of *ipil*. There was no doubt about their lashings, but I told him that as sure as fate before their long journey was ended, Selungun would be free and have him and his entire crew in the sea. He laughed at my fears, for he said that one man would constantly make the rounds with a barong and drop any man's head into the water whose bonds showed any signs of having been tampered with. It sounded all right, but I could not imagine the resourceful and desperate Selungun being delivered at Maibun two days and two nights later, trussed up like a market pig, by the crowd of boobs who manned this boat.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL

Our expedition was at an end, and there was now nothing left to do but return to Bongao as soon as possible. I relieved the sentries over the captured arms and ordered them loaded into our large prau. On checking them over I was astonished to find that the Rajah Muda's gold-handled barong had disappeared.

The man in charge—a trusted corporal—and the man with whom he lived at Bongao stated that one and usually both had sat on the arms all night. It

had been either bright moonlight or daylight since they were put in charge, the beach for a long distance around them was white coral sand, and there was no way to approach them with any concealment whatever. The whole thing was inexplicable, and I knew at once there was no use of delaying our departure to make any surface investigation here, but that it would require a long and tedious probe to bring the truth to light. Similar things had happened before, and had always been solved in time by Abdallah, but I knew I would have to depend on him now.

Abdallah was a keen, bright-eyed Moro with a taking sense of humour, who had from the day we landed attached himself to me as a guide, boatman, handy-man, and general go-between. I recognized his value, and as he spoke Spanish I speedily put him on the pay-roll as interpreter. When Herman Schuck arrived and I could get the interpreting done directly from Malay to English, I still carried him on as a general policeman, and chief of the market-place. He found a thousand ways to make himself useful, and among his manifold duties was that of detective. He was patient and keen, and had never yet failed to get results in time.

On our way home I investigated as best I could, prompted by the keen Abdallah who was in the boat with me. The results were nil. The corporal and his

A SULU MORO WARRIOR

These men are brave to foolhardiness and their savage spears and barongs, or short swords, are murderous weapons at close range

bunkie frankly answered all questions, insisted that they be held under suspicion until the end and that their kits be searched; but that would be manifestly useless. The whole matter remained a mystery and was rather important in that I knew the Crown Prince would suspect the Americans—doubtless myself—of stealing his valuable knife. So upon arrival at Bongao I told Abdallah the importance of the problem and that its solution would take precedence over his other work. I told him to get out his lines of information among Tanton's detachment, the inhabitants of Simunul, and our own soldiers, and to make his investigation so complete that at least it could be narrowed down to a small circle. As the days passed, I heard from Tanton and others what a far-reaching web he had spun, and occasionally Abdallah reported to me in person. After about two weeks, he said that he could now state definitely that no native had taken the knife and that it was narrowed down to our own soldier detachment. Finally he came and told me in private that everything pointed to the guards themselves being the culprits; that he had, during their absence, searched the small house occupied by them, that he was lying under the house every night, watching through the floor cracks; and that he expected the knife to be brought forth from its hiding place the night before

the next steamer sailed. I commended his work and he started to walk away, when an uncontrollable impulse led me to call him back and say, "Where is that knife?" He looked at me as if I had gone mad and asked me what I had said. I repeated, "Where is that knife?" Then there was a dramatic scene. With every indication of deep feeling, he said, "I will not draw my knife, Tuan, because you might misunderstand it; but I present the scabbard to you and beg you to draw the blade and cut my throat. I have been with you many months without fault. Many times you have been alone with me in the jungle with much wealth on your person, and I have protected you and brought you safely home. You have trusted me with important matters and much property. I have been offered bribes by the chiefs and also by Chinamen in the market-place. You now suspect me of stealing a knife that I could not sell, and question my honesty and loyalty after all these months of faithful service. I care not to live longer. I ask you therefore to draw the knife across my throat with the hand that I have served and loved." Instead, I threw his knife to one side and called to a sentry to take him to the guard-house and lock him up *incommunicado*. Loafing in a cool guard-house and eating American "chow" is not conducive to speedy results, so I ordered meagre allowances of

rice and water and made him cook it himself. I could not allow him out even to do prisoner's work, for fear that he would communicate with other natives.

Five days passed by, and in the meantime I was suffering dreadful qualms. I had not one shred of evidence against him, and much that he had said about his spotless past was true. When I tried to analyze my impulse, I found that there was nothing to excuse it except a certain glibness and sureness that I had not noted in his former investigations. But now when the report went forth that I had passed a vote of no confidence in my haughty assistant, vague rumours began to be heard that he *had* accepted bribes and that he was mixed up with some illicit opium trading. Still, as the days went by, I had many an uncomfortable hour wondering if I were doing a grave injustice and if the end would not be a public apology to Abdallah and an eternal regret and distrust of myself.

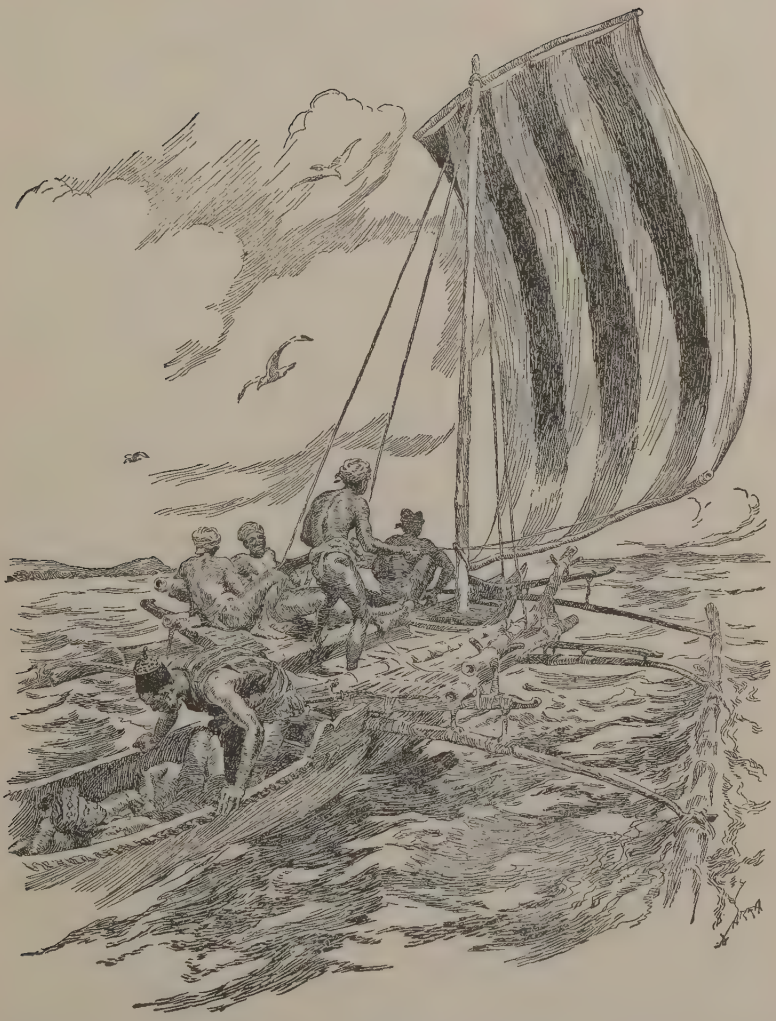
But on this fifth day, Abdallah asked to be brought before me, and said, "Tuan, you are right. In the night of the capture I lay on the beach, covered my back with sand and slowly worked toward the pile of arms until I could reach beneath the cloth and get the gold barong. I buried it, and later when I went to Simunul to investigate the theft, I brought it back here and buried it near the wharf. *Bunau-*

Bunau-Bunau!" ("This is truth-truth-truth!") I felt that a load had been lifted from my conscience, and told him to lead me to its resting-place, which he straightway did. We went to a small beach near the wharf, and after a little digging he bared a vault made of stone slabs just the size of the barong. We then lifted off the top stone—and it was empty.

With great agitation he then told me that he had evidently been watched by other natives, who had later returned and stolen the knife. All of which was very probable indeed. But my only answer was, "Take him back and lock him up as before."

Again I had to play a wretched game of endurance against myself, and I was indeed delighted when at the end of three more days, Abdallah again asked to see me. His opening gambit was, "Tuan, you know more than Allah. The barong is buried in the jungle on Sanga-Sanga Island. This is the truth-truth-truth!" I sent three armed soldiers over with him, cautioning them to be prepared for treachery of any kind, and they soon returned with Abdallah and the elusive barong. The latter was returned to the Crown Prince by the next steamer, and Abdallah was returned to his cell (truth-truth-truth!) to await his trial.

I had a rather unique form of punishment at that time for malefactors whom I especially never wanted



"More and more was the old man impressed with the logic of Selungun that it would be a crime against nature to lose this wonderful box, and the upshot of it was an agreement. . . ."

to see again, known as "giving them twenty-four hours to get north of Ubian." Ubian was the northernmost island of my group, and could be made within the time limit by a quick start and heavy work with the oars. The fact that there were a couple of chiefs there who arrested laggards for trespassing and put them to work also was an added incentive to beat the gate. When this sentence was formally passed on Abdallah, the farewell ceremonies were naturally limited. Soon I heard from the natives that he had successfully passed the wire, and was living on Jolo Island. I never saw him again.

But a couple of days after his departure, the old Maharajah of Sanga-Sanga came over and solemnly asked for a conference. He opened it by asking if I would increase the Ubian time limit from twenty-four hours to forty-eight hours. I answered that I would not, and asked him what he had to do with it anyway. He answered, "Tuan, my fishing boats are nearest to your judgment seat, and the time is so short that all the condemned, including Abdallah, must perforce steal the boat from me. Extending the limit twenty-four hours would permit them occasionally to steal a boat from those more distant. This would make me happy."

From here on the sequel of the arrest of Selungun as later told me by the natives was interesting and

characteristic. It seems that after some hours of being trussed up to the prau's gunwale, he began crooning about what a sad thing his death would be, as it would bring gain to no one, and it hurt him especially to think how a solid gold buyo-box buried with some other loot on Banaran Island, must be lost to his race forever. After about an hour of this, the old messenger could stand it no longer; so he moved up alongside Selungun, asked all the details of the treasure, and then with great eloquence tried to prevail upon him to reveal its whereabouts and then go to Maibun and be beheaded like a gentleman. Selungun did not like this programme, and the pourparlers continued. As they began passing the beaches of Banaran, more and more was the old man impressed with the logic of Selungun that it would be a crime against nature to lose this wonderful box, and the upshot of it all was an agreement. Selungun was to be released, go ashore with the party, and produce the box; if it were up to the original prospectus he was to be left ashore, and upon the return of the party to the prau the others were to be cut loose and thrown overboard. The pirates would then speed for the Celebes, while the messenger would go on to Maibun and relate to the Sultan how in spite of his care and bravery, the pirates had succeeded in escaping.

Sitankai, the southernmost inhabited possession of Uncle Sam

Typical Samal houses above the water near Siasi.

It all worked according to plan but the flaw was in Selungun, whose fearlessness and wisdom had not been properly appraised. As soon as the pirates were free on the beach and the old messenger was sailing away with his gold box, Selungun stole a swift boat and headed straight for Maibun, beating the other party to it by several hours. He went in before the Sultan, threw himself at his feet and said, "I am your loyal subject who has done no wrong, but you send men against me whom I can buy from their duty with the snap of my finger. Who is the worthier and to whom will you show your favour, to a traitor or to me?" He then related all the details of the transaction, and the wily Sultan awaited the arrival of his messenger. The latter told his cock-and-bull story of the escape, was confronted by Selungun himself, and the ending was essentially happy and oriental, in that every one got something. Selungun got his acquittal and a passport to Celebes. The old messenger got "his," and the Sultan got the gold box; and at least some of them lived happily ever afterward.

Since then we know more about Selungun. He has developed in power, and the Celebes, South Borneo, and all the islands about the Sulu Sea have suffered from his depredations. He has never been caught, although three nations have had large expeditions

out against him, and at one time he kept several hundred of our men busy off the coast of Mindanao without result. I have been assured many times of my idiocy in trusting to the justice of our Sultan instead of myself taking summary measures. But I did not know anything about him then, and "summary measures" might have been important to me as well as Selungun.

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH" AT BONGAO

AS ALL days seemed like holidays at Bongao, and no attention was paid to dates, I do not now recall what unusual incident brought to my mind the fact that in a week or so the Fourth of July would arrive and require celebration. I then called the officers together and asked them to cudgel their brains for suggestions as to how we could possibly celebrate it down there; the result was the most impressive programme about as follows:

(1) Order all the native chiefs to Bongao, with as many of their people as possible.

(2) A feast for the natives, the *pièce-de-resistance* to be a wild bull which tradition asserts had escaped from the Spanish and had been in the jungle on Bongao Island ever since. It was hoped that he could be rounded up and killed before that date. If no bull, no feast.

(3) Athletic contests for the soldiers.

(4) Boat races and water sports for the natives.

(5) Many years before, a small coasting steamer had been wrecked in Crocodile Cove, and its boilers were still visible at low tide.

Dynamite these boilers, thereby impressing the natives, and afterward give them permission to carry off the scrap iron.

(6) Fire a few thousand rounds from our machine gun, also to impress the natives.

(7) Big dance for the natives at night, at which a couple of cases of mildewed and condemned tobacco could be used as prizes.

(8) Competition between soldiers for best hut and garden, the prize to be thirty days' exemption from guard duty.

(9) Banquet at the officers' mess, the only two possible changes from the usual menu being the addition of heart-of-cocoanut-tree salad, which we would try to obtain from some trees still living at the deserted Spanish station of Tataan on Tawi-Tawi Island, and a bottle of Scotch whiskey sent me a short time before by General J. C. Bates.

The chiefs were duly notified, and on the following Sunday morning many of them came to see me and find out what it was all about. I found some difficulty in explaining the Fourth of July so that they could comprehend it. Vainly did I talk of tyranny, George Washington, taxation without representation, and independence; they knew not the meaning of those words. At length I became tired and exasper-

ated, and I remember my final attempt as something like this: "See here! One big island England, savy? Other big island America, savvy? Big fight. American island kill everybody on England island. Now, you delicate, shrinking violets, do you get *that?*" At once smiles of comprehension wreathed every face and a jabber began to the effect that all was now plain and that I should have told them this in the first place.

A couple of days before the Fourth we were overjoyed at the arrival of a large government launch from Jolo, with orders to remain for a few days and attend to anything necessary at Bongao. The programme was at once expanded to include this reinforcement, the principal addition being a procession of the chiefs' boats to be towed by the launch.

By ten o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, the waters about Bongao were spangled with gayly decorated craft, and the launch itself had all of its bunting flying. The proceedings opened with the procession of boats. Thirty-five large praus, with crowded decks, passed their lines from one to the other, and headed by the launch were towed around Bongao Point and about two miles to windward. Of course all canvas was down, the chiefs and their retainers were either lying about the decks or dancing,

gongs and other instruments were being played, and the scene was one of profound peace and inaction. I was on the launch, and when we pulled the long line of praus across the wind preparatory to our return, I had a sudden inspiration. We cast loose from the tow, hastily ran down to the centre of the line, and announced through the megaphone that the first prau to touch Bongao wharf would receive a prize of ten Mexican dollars.

Now one who is very near and dear to me has often asserted that when I have an inspiration, every one had better take to the woods. In this case, many took to the water. For one moment there was a startled silence, followed by confusion, the screaming of orders, the dash for the sails, the shipping of oars and I suppose violent Malay profanity. Huge sails flew up without a thought of the tow-lines fore and aft, two praus capsized at once, and those that escaped the tangle dashed away before the wind with tremendous speed. All passengers tried to help out with the oars, and the sudden change from the *dolce-far-niente* to sudden and hysterical action made our sides ache with laughter. Of course we assisted the disconsolate ones that were out of the race, but they allowed nothing to interfere with their fiesta and did not begin diving for their arms, gongs, and cooking utensils until the next day. The arrival at the wharf

was almost equally crazy. The goal was not to cross a line, but to *touch* the wharf, which meant a succession of bumps under full sail. In fact, the hopelessly beaten ones seemed to make it a point of honour to hit the wharf harder than their predecessors. This unexpected and ridiculous race seemed to appeal to their sense of humour and the dramatic, and for months afterward they delighted in telling about their difficulties.

So the day opened auspiciously and our programme was carried through with but few hitches. The errant bull had been found and killed by the doctor, but when it came to distributing it, it was found that some of the more powerful chiefs expected to "hog the beef" without consideration for their lowly people. This was straightened out and we even added thereto a couple of cases of canned salmon with beautiful pictures of the fish on the labels. The two events intended to impress the natives were rank and humiliating failures. The old sunken boilers refused to be torn asunder by our charge of dynamite, but we covered our retreat by graciously giving them permission to cut them up with chisels and take away the iron. They had been doing this for years. The machine gun which had been groomed for its event and had always worked perfectly, developed such a series of jams in our exhibition that we hastily

withdrew it and started the water sports. The Moros are such experts in these that we carefully refrained from competing with them. Two men in the islands can bring up silver dollars from a depth of 120 feet, and of course diving suits are unknown. When it came to the athletic events for the soldiers, the natives looked on with a mild curiosity, but with no particular enthusiasm until the tug-of-war was reached. What there was about this that excited them so, I do not know; but immediately after the first pull, a number of chiefs came to me and asked if a contest of the character could not be arranged for the natives. I consented and hung up some prizes. I did not know exactly how to arrange the opposing teams, but finally had the happy thought of making it island against island. My wife would probably call this another inspiration. I was not aware at that time of the jealousies and ancient feuds, of forays that had never been forgotten, of island fishing grounds that had been encroached upon, of chiefs that had tried to extend their authority over adjacent islands and of the bloody wars that such things had caused. However, with vast local pride and enthusiasm, the island teams were chosen and Banaran and Simunul designated for the first pull. The husky champions were ignorant not only of the rules of the game but of even how to take their stand at the rope, and came

forward stripped to the waist, but of course still wearing their knives in their belts. They announced themselves ready, the starting shot was fired, the rope released, and the Banaran team, caught completely off its balance, was at once taken over the line on the run.

I have stated that the Simunul men were in the lead and on the run, and I might add that they continued so; for the Banaran men instantly dropped the rope, pulled their knives and with howls of rage took up the pursuit to wipe out in gore the disgrace of their easy defeat. It was with great difficulty that they were rounded up and disarmed and all hands made to understand that this peaceful contest did not call for a literal revival of the Spirit of '76. It was still more difficult to collect the winners from the boats, trees, and huts where they had taken refuge, but finally, when the excitement was over, I expressed my contempt for such proceedings and told the chiefs that as the Moros had no more sense than apes and could not be trusted, all further native contests would be called off. However, the crestfallen leaders promised that no such social *contretemps* should occur again, and pleaded so hard for another chance that I consented to try it once more. They then harangued the people, and every one seemed properly subdued and ashamed. But I took no chances, and thereafter

the teams, before taking their stations at the rope, were marched to a small hill where a squad of soldiers collected their arms and kept them under guard until the passions of the pull were well cooled down. It has always been a joy to me to recall this ridiculous scene.

After dark the dancing began, and many a native belle was made happy by winning a mouldy package of "the makings." The men do a war dance with shield and spear, and both men and women have a dance similar to the nautch of India in which contortions of the arms, hands, and waist play the most important part. Soon the other officers and myself tired of it and walked home through the moonlight, with many a laugh over the events of the day. But all night long the gongs boomed, and the dancing continued, and I think our natives would have joined us in a unanimous vote that a Fourth of July may be a success 'neath southern palm as well as northern pine, although the programmes may be very different.

A PIG HUNT

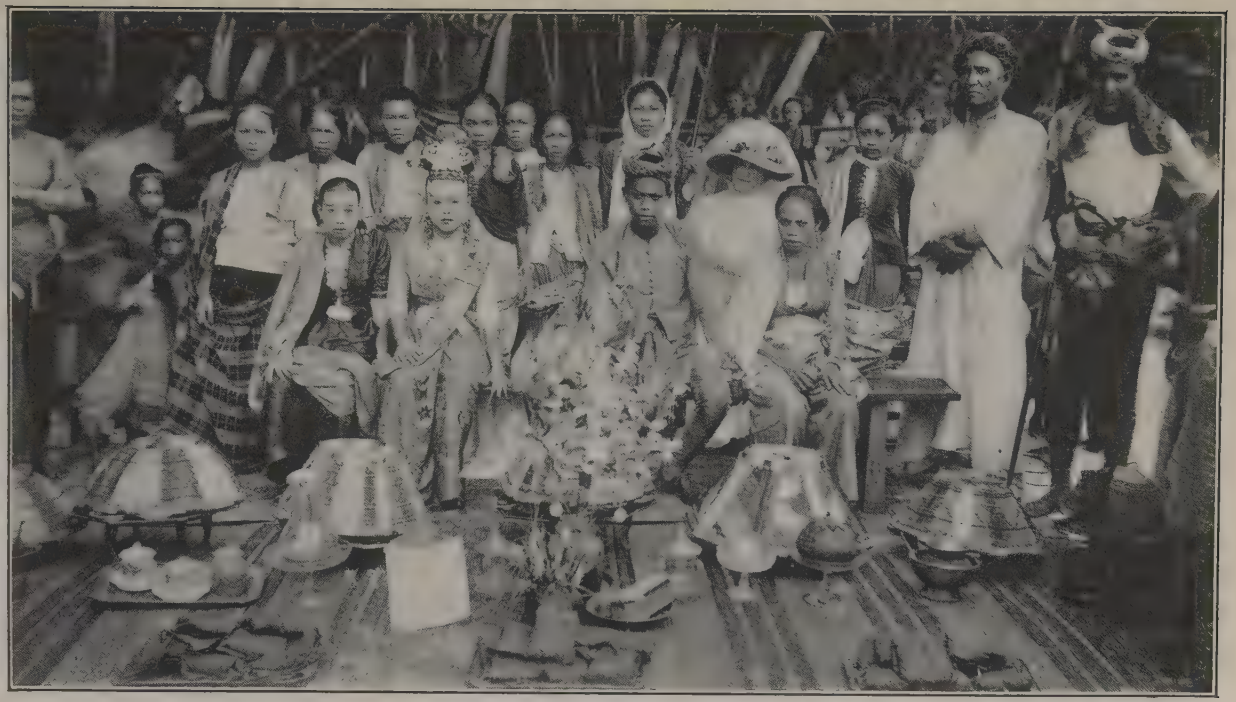
ONE day Sergeant De Wolf came to me and said that a party consisting of himself, Corporal Mygatt, Musician Greathouse, and Privates Gibbons and Carter would like permission to go pig hunting the following week on northern Tawi-Tawi Island, and asked if I could not go with them. I occasionally accompanied these hunting parties, so replied that I would join them and that we would leave on the following Monday.

It was always a pleasure to be with these particular men. Hardy, resourceful, and full of fun, better companions could not be imagined, and the fact that I usually entered the mosquito-haunted jungle with a supply of whiskey and quinine with which I impartially dosed them all did not detract from my own popularity as a member of such expeditions. De Wolf was a blond giant of such intelligence and attainments that I had long had my eye on him as being worthy of a commission. Mygatt was then a tall, wiry stripling, who later received his commission, became himself the governor of a province of Mindanao, and after splendid service in the World's War

resigned as a lieutenant-colonel. Greathouse was a Texan of such remarkable strength and endurance that his later experiences are almost unbelievable. Gibbons was a youngster who had run away to sea from a fine home, became a rolling stone, and because of his knowledge of boats and sails was invariably my companion on all expeditions. Carter, the youngest of the party, was a blithe and happy youth who loved the service and especially our unusual life at Bongao.

I was subject at this time to occasional attacks of malaria that would for a few days put me entirely out of business. The beginning was a fainting spell, but the truly heroic treatment of our French doctor and my own good constitution were usually sufficient to restore me to health in a few days. I was greatly disappointed when one of these attacks came on just before we were to leave on our hunting trip, and the whole party requested that the departure be postponed until I should be able to join them. But after a day's delay, with no change in my condition, I told them to go on and that I would join the next party.

So they left in our sail-rigged whitehall boat and made their first stop at Bilimbing, a town on the east coast of Tawi-Tawi, about twenty miles away. This is a large and prosperous village, noted for the building of fine boats and ruled by four chiefs of equal rank but unequal wealth and power, the principal one



A Moro wedding at Parang, Sulu.

being the Panglima Djenal who presented me with the kriss at my first durbar, as already related. Djenal was away at this time, but they met the other chiefs, wandered over the town, and did some trading for curios and fruit. When they left the town a couple of hours later, they were followed by a large prau containing ten natives whom they had met at Bilimbing, and who said they also were bound for northern Tawi-Tawi to get building material. After following the coast north to the point where they expected to hunt, it was concluded because of the mosquito pest to camp for the night on a sand-bar about a mile off shore. Just before nightfall the party of natives joined them there and a pleasant evening was had by all. The soldiers were whist players, and as that game seemed to greatly interest the Moros, they were presented with a deck of cards. The next morning both boats crossed to Tawi-Tawi and the hunting party made its permanent camp on a small open hilltop about sixty feet above the beach. A large tent-fly was pitched, the hunting and cooking gear was moved up, and finally the plug pulled from the bottom of the boat and she was allowed to sink in a shallow until needed for the return to Bongao. In the meantime, the natives were busy and helpful. They collected some bejuco vine and building material and made a new oar to replace one belonging to the

whitehall that had been broken. They were unarmed but of course all carried the heavy chopping knives with which they work in the woods. After supper, Mygatt cleaned his rifle while the other four spread a blanket and started their whist game, with the natives again as interested spectators. Later, Mygatt undressed and went down to the beach for a swim, leaving his companions engaged in their game, with the natives squatting around them intent on the play. By this time night was falling.

While Mygatt was bathing, he heard some shots and screams, shortly followed by the noise of natives running to the beach. At that stage of tide, there were a number of small moss-covered rocks above the water, and he at once submerged as far as possible with his head behind one of these rocks. After searching for him for a time, the natives got into their boat and pushed off in the darkness. One of the terrors of the long night following was the lack of knowledge of their whereabouts and the expectation that they would return at any moment.

Mygatt then returned to camp, found a distressing state of affairs, and learned what had happened. The natives, squatting behind the whist players, at a given signal had drawn their jungle knives and tried to behead them. De Wolf was struck fairly on the neck and was killed instantly. Gibbons

was struck just above the neck, suffering a three-inch gash in the skull from which his brains oozed. He called out that he was blind, but managed to stagger across the tent and get his loaded rifle. He actually succeeded in firing some shots, but, of course without effect and soon his left hand was severed and he was hacked to earth. A native then seized his rifle and shot him through the body below the heart, and he was at last helpless. The one whose job it was to slash at Carter's neck made a mess of it. The knife struck a cord of the tent-fly and flew out of his hand. However, he somewhat redeemed himself by grabbing a hatchet and sinking it into Carter's back, temporarily paralyzing him. The butcher detailed for Greathouse caught him squarely on the neck, but the knife not only was dull (it hangs on my wall now) but about the middle of the blade a large fragment had been broken from the edge about an inch long and one half inch deep. The head was practically half severed from the body, but by wonderful luck this big nick in the blade arched over the spine. The carotid artery was pressed against the spine, and while its walls were mutilated by the ragged edge they were not quite broken through. All rifles and weapons had been taken by the natives.

Then followed a night of horror. Gibbons was still alive, but all that could be done was to tie up such

wounds as possible and stop the loss of blood. It was noted afterward on his final papers that he had forty-six wounds including those mentioned above. The heroic struggle of Gibbons against these savages was an inspiration to us all in the events that followed. Carter and Greathouse recovered to some extent, but Mygatt could do nothing except place towels soaked in sea water in their wounds and try to prevent the awful infection of the tropics. And throughout the night, the Moros might step from the jungle at any minute and finish up these unarmed men. It is inconceivable that they did not do so.

The next thing Mygatt had to do was to raise the boat and bail it out, and this was the work of hours. Then the dead and wounded were carried down the hill and a start made for Bongao. The wind was light or contrary, so nearly the entire distance had to be rowed. Carter helped some, and Greathouse was able to give unexpected assistance. Because of the severing of some of his neck muscles, he did not have full control of his head and when unsupported his left cheek rested against his left breast. So all night long with a brine-soaked towel in his gaping wound, he held his head on straight with his left hand and rowed with his right. When, owing to the low tide, the boat grounded on a submerged coral flat off Bilimbing, he went overboard with Mygatt and

helped push the boat through half a mile of shallows. When, however, the hot tropical sun arose, the effect was sudden and serious. Poor Gibbons at last died, and Greathouse and Carter lost consciousness and slid into the bottom of the boat with the dead.

About nine o'clock that morning a soldier who had been down to the Point came up to me and said, "Sir, I think something has happened to De Wolf's party. The boat is lying off the Point almost becalmed. Mygatt is sitting in the stern with bowed head, and he would not answer my hail." I sent him on with instructions to the surgeon to join me at once, and hastened to the landing place, where I found the tide slowly bringing the whitehall in. Mygatt was able to steer but could not speak. "The dead, steered by the dumb, came upward with the tide."

Soon loving hands moved the bodies to the hospital, while I took charge of Mygatt. He had reached his limit, and I was dreadfully afraid that he would collapse before I could get some information from him. However, I gave him a jolt of whiskey, and he gave me the few details that I had to know at once. He was then tucked away in his own bed, and the men in that vicinity spoke in whispers during the remainder of the day. When he awoke about four o'clock in the afternoon he was quite normal and able to give a complete account of the affair.

Our surgeon had been at work with the wounded but reported that while he hoped for the best he could do but little for them. They had recovered from their collapse, but the wounds were infected and it was mostly a question of whether this infection would break through the walls of the artery in the case of Greathouse, or work in to the spine in the case of Carter.

In the meantime, from the moment Mygatt landed, I had been preparing an expedition. All native boats at Bongao were embargoed, not only because I would need the boats but also to stop the news going out of my intended departure. Owing to the fact that this was a most puzzling blow out of a clear sky, I could not tell whether it was the beginning of a campaign of murder by the chiefs, or an isolated instance of killing by irresponsibles for the rifles and loot. So I put Datto Tanton under surveillance and notified him that he would be taken with me but that I would take no native contingent except a couple of boatmen and guides. Every effort was made to scrape up boats, but at that time no large praus were at Bongao and only the whitehall and a few outrigger canoes were available. Loaded to the utmost, only forty men could be accommodated. And then came the question of the men. For certain special work, I chose about twenty, leaving

the others for the men themselves to select. I closed my eyes to the methods used, and have no doubt that many a man got his coveted place by holding three of a kind, or rolling an elusive seven. In any case, the camp was soon noticeably divided into the joys and glooms, and I was told that no place was for sale, no difference how fabulous the offer. Finally some of the disappointed ones came to me and asked if they could go if during the night they could rig some sort of a sea-going craft that would carry them. I consented, and when the expedition left the next morning, we were accompanied by two weird looking catamarans that caused much ridicule. I had expected some of the boats to capsize in their overloaded condition, and had ordered all rifles and cartridge belts to be lashed to the thwarts. I did not anticipate any particular danger, as the men were good swimmers, the water deliciously warm, and beaches or coral reefs were always near. As for the sharks, we would have to trust to Providence. I was not disappointed in my expectations. After the first puff, the doughty crusaders in the catamarans were in the water, but instead of the wild excitement of rescue they received only a shout of derision from the other boats and the forlorn and disappointed castaways were picked up on the beaches on our return. Later, several other craft got into

difficulty but all of them were righted and joined us later at Bilimbing.

At last we were on our way. I had Mygatt and Datto Tanton with me as I wanted to get the last shred of information from the former and keep the latter under my eye. He knew that I was puzzled and uncertain about him, and he was very unhappy that I had not called upon his native contingents for help. I never distrusted him again.

The breeze freshened and at one time I was gravely concerned as to the ultimate strength of my force, as several of the boats got into trouble and dropped behind. However, all we could do was to push on with the remainder, trusting to the laggards to help each other and hoping that the sharks were all asleep. When we finally rounded the point and Bilimbing lay before us, the expedition had dwindled from 45 to 15 men; but later in the day and during the following night all straggled in with the exception of the hopeless catamarans.

As soon as we were seen, the alarm gongs began to beat in Bilimbing but no movement was visible in the town. As usual it was built on piles, the beach beneath being dry at low tide, and runways of scaffolding connecting the houses with each other and with the shore. The tide at this time was about half-flood and many boats were tied below the

A wedding party at Maimbung, Jolo, Sulu. Maimbung, or Maibun, was the residence of the Sultanate.

houses. Our dispositions were simple and made with the greatest haste. One boat was sent directly in to cut the town off from land, while men were dropped off on the seaward side in water about waist deep to complete the surrounding movement. The orders were also simple:—to permit any one approaching the town to enter it, but to shoot any one leaving it. I kept six men with me as a necessary striking unit, and we took our post on a large black rock rising from the beach near the town and which was then being slowly surrounded by the incoming tide.

On my demand, the three chiefs came out and joined me on the rock and transmitted my orders to the inhabitants about leaving the town. No sooner was this done, than a man dropped into a boat lying under one of the houses and began to row frantically to sea. I asked Sergeant Brockman the name of the man who was on that post. He replied that it was Corporal Reynolds. "Then the Moro is a dead man," I said. The corporal was by all odds the worst shot in the company—one of those rare cases where all instruction and endeavour was of no avail; but I have often noticed that for some unexplainable reason the failure on the target range brings in the biggest bag of game and never misses killing when he accidentally discharges his rifle in barracks. Sure enough, the Moro soon sprang into the air and

dropped back into the bottom of his boat. The tide finally brought him to our rock and we found that he had been shot through the body below the heart. He was a perfectly innocent man who had become locoed by the order against leaving the town, and I am happy to say recovered and lived happily thereafter as a pet of the delighted and surprised corporal. He was used as a sort of "Exhibit A" when the corporal was jollied on the rifle range.

After this little diversion, I resumed my serious conversation with the three chiefs. They said they were not implicated in the murders in any way. This was believable. They said they did not know who was guilty, and in fact had never heard of the affair until I told them. I knew this to be a lie. In the intimate life of a Malay tribe, it would be impossible to keep the chiefs in ignorance of such an important event.

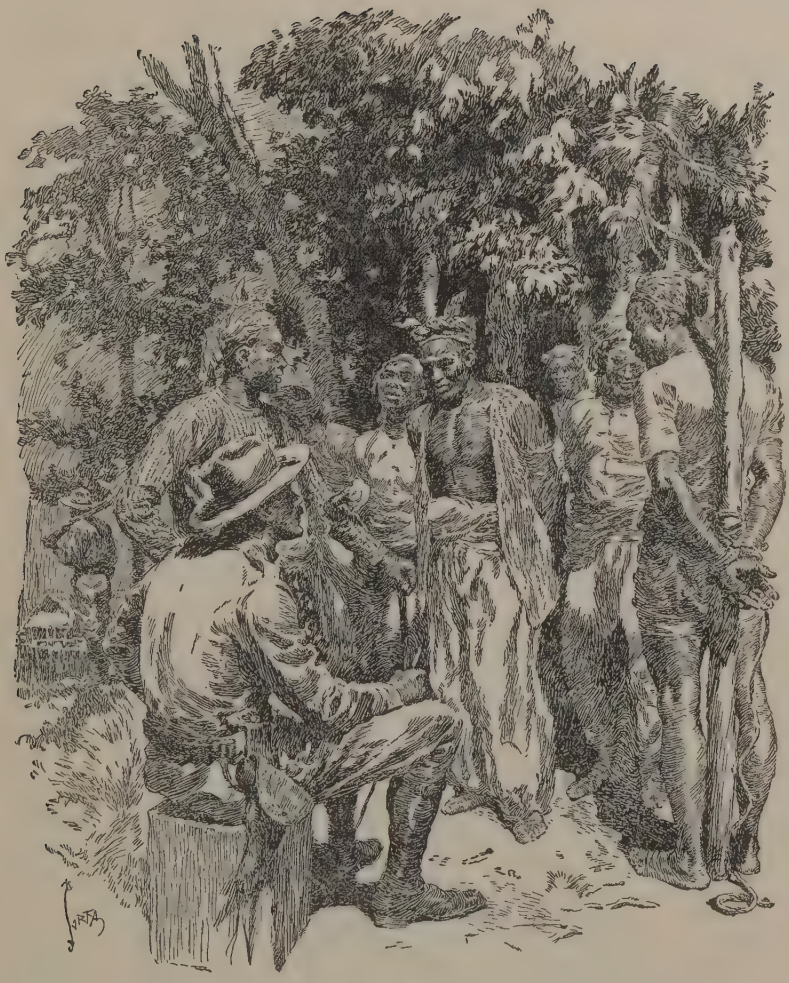
However, I was not ready for extreme measures, for I believed I had a plan that would cut out the guilty from the herd. I therefore told the chiefs to order every man in the town to strip to the waist and come out unarmed. Over 400 men were soon on the rock, which by that time was entirely surrounded with water. We kept them under the guns, but the disparity of numbers made me rather anxious,

particularly as in the pursuance of my plan it would be necessary to use three of my six men for other purposes. Mygatt looked them over as they arrived, and set aside several as suspects; but although I did not expect to find the guilty among them, I was rather disturbed to discover that either because of the horrors of the night of his escape or because of the traditional fact that under certain conditions "all coons look alike," he would not be able to pick out the guilty natives with any certainty, and certainty would be important to all concerned. A sergeant and two men were then sent into the town to make a house-to-house search for men who had not come out, and there is where I expected to find the guilty. In any case, they had disobeyed the order to come out, and when about twenty of them were pulled out of their hiding places and sent to the rock, I noted without surprise or grave displeasure that the butts of the rifles had been used rather extensively on their heads. Mygatt identified one of these positively. But there it ended and our well-laid plan had come to an impasse.

It was time for serious measures and I was not averse to using them. I carefully explained to the three chiefs that their law as well as ours made them accessories after the fact, and this was punishable by death; and then asked them if I had ever lied to them

or any one else. They said I had not, and that they would believe me. I asked them if they would believe me if I told them that I was going to shoot them, and they solemnly said that they would. I then pronounced them guilty and told them that the senior would be shot exactly at nine o'clock, one minute later the next senior, and one minute after that the junior. The only thing that could possibly save them would be the turning over of all ten murderers before that time, and even then the offense of becoming participants after the crime would have to be seriously judged. I called the attention of the senior to the fact that the other two held the age, as they could still confess and save themselves after he was very dead, but the house was not very responsive to my joke. Tanton asked that they be returned to the town under his charge as his advice would be wanted, and I cheerfully consented as they could not possibly get away. In the meantime, our delayed boats began arriving with the men no worse off for their ducking and exposure to sharks.

To make a long story short, my little talk with the chiefs had its effect, and soon ten men were tied up to trees and stakes on shore. I spent the entire night talking to them one by one, learned that Cari was their ringleader, which blows each one struck, and where the rifles were concealed. The object of the



"I spent the entire night talking to them one by one. The object of the murders was the most important question—and was virtually unsolvable."

murders was the most important question, and it was virtually unsolvable. Was it for revenge? "No, Tuan, we never saw the men before." Was it for the rifles? "No, if we would take them out of hiding, you would know us and kill us." After hours of talk, it always came down to the fact that the soldiers were in their power and *could* be killed; much like a child will throw a pebble at a bird or an automobile. I found that one man had struck no blow and suggested that he was guilty in a minor degree; but from every stake there was much laughter and I learned that he was the one who had conceived the plan and coached Cari in it! Soon after Cari had confessed his leadership and had been returned to his stake, I heard a strange, choking sound from the darkness and found Tanton twisting a cord about his neck until it was not much larger than a broom stick. The old fellow, filled with resentment and worry over the crime that had disturbed my confidence in him, was trying to take a quiet and summary revenge. I was in time to save Cari and get his tongue back into his system.

The end of the tragic story was very rapid and complete. On being released from their stakes in preparation for breakfast and the return to Bongao, they made a desperate break for liberty and in the mêlée were all killed.

At that time the little-brown-brother craze in

America had gone to a length now almost inconceivable. Among these deluded "humanitarians" the treacherous murder of a splendid American caused no remark other than that "he should not have been there," while the news of the death of the murderer aroused shrieks of rage and resentment. When finally the account of my expedition appeared in the American papers, my mail became very heavy. I had letters of commendation and letters of censure and newspaper clippings galore. Two that arrived in the same mail seemed strangely complementary to each other. One was an ardent letter from a young lady in St. Louis with grave designs upon my bachelor state and who wished a picture of her "dream-man" without delay; the other was a mythical picture of me from a Boston paper in which the artist truly tried to make the punishment fit the crime. Ferocity and degeneracy could be read in every protuberance of my misshapen skull and gorilla-like face, and he had even impregnated the cut of my clothes with his venom. By simply enclosing this portrait of the "dream-man" to the young lady, I managed to preserve my bachelorhood for several more years, and doubtless did some young Missourian a good turn.

Some weeks later, I took it into my head to go up and spend the night at Bilimbing alone; and to any

A PHILIPPINE PRAU

A native sailing vessel. In small boats similar to this the wild pirates of earlier days sailed the waters of the Sulu Archipelago.

one that knows the Malay character and tribal organization, this is not nearly as reckless as it sounds. This I did, thereby causing the chiefs great anguish of mind, for they knew exactly what was coming to them if my visit were not an uneventful one. I slept peacefully in a house surrounded by thirty native sentries with knives, and was almost lifted into a boat and shoved off by the enthusiastic populace the next morning. Bilimbing has since been a prosperous and orderly town, but there are too many bereaved and irresponsible relatives of the late deceased there for me ever to expect an invitation to their Old Home Week.

POKER CHIPS FOR CURRENCY

ONE of the useful adjuncts of civilization that we established at Bongao was a full-fledged canteen. The sale of beer and wines to the "brutal soldiery" was permitted in those days, and the supply of these beverages and of the many small articles used by soldiers formed quite a volume of business. The large percentage of this business was carried on credit, orders for merchandise being issued during the month and paid for on the arrival of the paymaster, on one of his occasional visits. We had no printing press at Bongao, and no regular way in which credit slips for stated amounts could be issued to the troops, and later be collected and paid for.

Under these circumstances, my mind harkened back to a beloved and much-used set of poker chips. These had been given to me by a member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, and consisted not only of the usual reds, whites, and blues, but also included greens, yellows, and browns, and in such numbers that they were sufficient to cover all the denominations of Mexican currency, from whites at five cents up to greens at twenty dollars. They had

been used in the early days after the capture of Manila, and, in fact, had been embalmed in many of the memories of those stormy times. I remember that on February 4, 1899, the night the insurrection broke out, a jolly party, consisting of Crowder, Hasbrouck, Haan, Martin, Jim Carlin, and myself, were the active participants in a game at the Army and Navy Club. As the game progressed in the dim watches of the night, we could hear the distant roar of the firecrackers with which the Chinese New Year was celebrated. Finally Haan walked out upon the balcony, but soon returned, a little gray about the mouth, and with the sensational announcement, "Boys, those are not firecrackers. They are Krag Jorgensens!" This was received with growls of, "Sit down and play your hand. What are you talking about?" He replied, "The insurrection has broken out! Those are American rifles out at Santa Mesa. Come out on the balcony where the air can strike your ears and you will be convinced." Everyone left the table and in a few minutes more came piling back into the room. Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro. Coats and revolver belts were hurried on and no one thought of the poker game—with the exception of myself. For the first time in ten days I was a winner, so seated myself at the table and made a hasty calculation of the piles of

chips. "Charlie, you owe me thirty-four dollars," I howled to Martin as he disappeared down the stairway. "Go to the devil!" was his sympathetic reply. "Bunker, you owe me fifty-three dollars," I howled at Haan. "I call it off," he replied. "Our men are being fired on. This is no time for foolishness." Similar replies were given by the other participants in the game, until Crowder and I, who had come together, hastily steered our way to the waiting carriage. We were on the staff and so proceeded through the darkness to Malacanan Palace, the home of General Otis. I have never seen a darker night in Manila, and of course we knew the signal had been given for the massacre of all Americans. We leaned forward in our carriage with our revolvers in hand, and dashed through the dark streets. We did not know the reason for the delay in the massacre. Finally, another carriage swung in front of us at high speed, containing Colonel Colton, the Collector of Customs, and Captain Pegram Whitworth. Just at this time, a white figure dashed out of the darkness and jumped on to the steps of Colton's carriage. At once the revolvers spoke and we could distinctly see three streams of fire enter the white chest. Instantly we stopped the carriage and ran forward to find that the Filipino had been killed in his tracks. We thought then that the worst had happened and that

the rising against the Americans was universal. Strange to say, this was the only murderous attempt made during the night by a civilian.

We found the staff at Malacanan with General Otis, and I remained there all night. Early the next morning the General directed me to get my horse and, beginning on the bay shore near Malate, to ride around the American lines, and see that proper provision had been made to bring forward stores and feed the men. Near Singalon, I ran across the 14th Infantry, which had just had a fight and lost a great many men. I soon spotted Hasbrouck. He had placed his company in a shelter trench and was boldly exposing himself under fire, while walking up and down on top of the trench. Twice I pulled him down, and begged him not to expose himself thus while he owed me eighty dollars! I pleaded with him to take shelter and attempt no further deeds of derring-do while his poker debt was thus unpaid, and it was only after some time spent in eloquent protest that I felt safe to go and finish my errand. We both ended the day safely and it was not long before the payment of the eighty dollars restored my confidence in my kind.

During the rigours of the campaign in Luzon the poker chips were unused, and now reposed at Bongao in my spare baggage. They turned out to be just

what was necessary for canteen checks, and soon several hundred dollars of them were doing their respectable duty. Both the soldiers and the natives allowed this new American coinage to take its place in their economic life, and as is usual, in such cases, the higher priced chips began to be hoarded by the chiefs. I issued orders regarding turning them in but this simply confirmed them in the belief that the celluloid was very precious, and it became evident that large numbers of chips were being buried. I had a conference with the chiefs and warned them that on my departure from the island, the chips would not be worth anything and asked them to turn them in without delay. The more I asked for them, the deeper the owners dug, and when I finally left the group of islands, the canteen was the richer by over six hundred dollars of unredeemed poker chips. I have always expected a bloody war to be declared when these were disinterred and the commanding officer at Bongao would not know what they were talking about when they presented them for payment. I have often given this as an example of High Finance, and it has always seemed to me probable that Bryan with his "16 to 1" was not entirely an idiot, if I could thus monetize celluloid. This was a favourite story of both President Roosevelt and President Taft.

THE "ANTING-ANTING"

IN THIS chapter will be found all the elements of real romance: a hero (fat), vast wealth ($130 Mex.), two villains (the Chinaman and myself), and fourteen heroines.

To begin with, when I left San Francisco for the Philippines on May 25, 1898, I was presented, by a charming lady, with a bangle containing a four-leaf clover. If I remember rightly, there was some conversation about wearing it on my bosom forever. What happened was that its horizon was thereafter limited to a box containing shirt studs, a couple of trunk keys, and some odd trousers buttons. But I was a very busy man.

In Malay-land the charm or *anting-anting* is a very important article and no man is without one. I have looked the charms over and found them to consist of bits of everything from a plain pebble to a bag of what appeared to be bone meal. The only thing in common seemed to be—whether from long use or the nature of the object—that they all smelled just alike.

Now be it known that Datto Tanton had an *anting-anting* of most wonderful power. Soon after my arrival I heard of it, and I noted that when any

of his people spoke of his wonderful successes and escapes, the *anting-anting* always was brought forward as the ultimate explanation thereof. It was no absurdity. To thousands of human beings it was the cornerstone of his power, the element of awe that lay behind his dignity. Keen gray-haired men related to me things that had fallen under their own eyes; as, for instance, the shafts of spears that splintered in the air when the point approached his breast, and bullets that flattened on the sail of his prau and dropped at his feet on deck.

One day after a conference with several of the more important head-men, the conversation turned on the power of Tanton's *anting-anting*. Once more I was regaled with these never-ending tales, and when my limit of boredom had been reached I bethought me of my poor little four-leaf clover and casually remarked that I also possessed an *anting-anting* of somewhat superior power. Had I dropped a hand grenade I could not have caused a greater sensation. I never had intimated this before, and thus holding it out on them had evidently increased their interest. Every eye was on me when an old chief finally said, "Tell us, Tuan, what it has done." I was perfectly willing to continue the joke, my powers of invention were virile, and my audience was with me. Can you blame me if I reeled off instance

Entrance to Jolo.

after instance of its power which made anything they ever had heard of Tanton's charm seem like mere child's play? When finally I ran out of deeds of derring-do, I easily switched to its ability as a mascot in a poker game, and I am sure my old pals, had they heard me, would have wondered how they ever had skinned me with such a "buck" in my possession.

To all this they listened with deep interest, and one old Maharajah but spoke the desire in every heart when he asked me if I would not show them this marvellous affair. I really was not sure that I still had it, but went into my bedroom and finally found it, looking most unimportant among the dusty buttons. I tried to prop up its dignity by wrapping it in successive layers of cotton wool and coloured silk, and enclosed the whole in a jeweller's box. When I appeared and reversed the packing process the removal of each wrapper was followed by grunts of excitement, and when at last the four-leafed clover was revealed in all its delayed and impressive state, there was a veritable sensation in the court.

I had had my joke, and the chiefs departed. But little did I know that within forty-eight hours it would be the principal subject of conversation about every counsel-board and camp fire in the island group, and that each one of my stories about it would be treasured up and magnified in the true Malay way. When the

ground-swell began to come back to me, I really was embarrassed that I had carried the joke so far. Tanton, probably from professional jealousy, never spoke to me on the subject, but it was perfectly evident from his demeanour that he had heard and thought much on this belated revelation.

Now although the Koran permits four wives to each true believer, Tanton—I think more to show his power than anything else—had accumulated a diversified collection of fourteen of the same. Alas, too late he found that he had accumulated but trouble for himself, and shortly before we arrived he had taken measures to restore the *status quo ante* in a truly characteristic way. He had cut his Gordian and matrimonial knot by simply installing his fourteen helpmates on fourteen different islands, while he lived alone on Bongao. By thus scattering the enemy forces and holding the command of sea, he found the peace and independence that he loved so well. About once a month, he sent around a boat, chucked off a bag of rice, some cloth, and a new ultimatum at each hut, and as a rule was left alone. The one exception was "Wife No. 1," as she was called. She was of royal birth and was in fact a sensible, independent and worthy woman, and when she would take it into her head to run the blockade and land upon his coast, there was trouble in the old home. Her arrival was

"When at last the four-leaf clover was revealed in all its impressive state, there was a veritable sensation"

usually followed by a beating-up of comely slave girls, a scrapping of much-loved old clothes and shoes, and a ceremony known in America as "cleaning house"—a process as much hated there as it is here.

So one market day when Tanton wandered past my house in spick-and-span clothes and a general air of gloom, I was not at all surprised to hear that Wife No. 1 had made one of her periodical descents with the usual results. After hanging about my door for a few minutes he proceeded toward the market-place with the air and gait made famous by the typical American boy on his way to the opening of the fall school term.

But if he was the picture of gloom then, how can I describe his appearance on his return half an hour later? For hours he sat on the edge of my porch gazing into vacancy, "the emptiness of ages in his face, and on his back the burden of the world." I asked him several times what the trouble was, but it was late in the afternoon when he confessed.

His wife had arrived; but in addition to her usual unpleasantness, she finally had pronounced his household in a disgraceful condition, wormed out of him the amount of his entire wealth, which was $25. Mex., and packed him off at once to the market to squander the whole sum on alleged necessaries. Hence the morning gloom.

Now the Moros were irrepressible gamblers, the favourite game being one of pure chance with a most unrighteous percentage against the player, and in the market-place was a Chinaman who furnished this form of relaxation to one and all. It seems that Tanton had loitered to watch the game, guessed in his own mind several times exactly how they were running, and finally concluded to risk a dollar or two at same. Even if he lost, was a woman Allah that she could tell, say $23 worth of goods from $25 worth? To hurry over the sad parts of the story, I simply will say that in a few minutes he was "cleaned." Hence the afternoon gloom. The fact of the matter was that the old ex-pirate was simply afraid to go home. As I never have heard of this occurring elsewhere, I judge it to be an exclusively Malay sensation!

When late in the day he told me this pathetic tale I hastily tried to forestall the logical back-kick by assuring him that he already knew my unalterable resolution never to lend money to a native. He assured me that this was farthest from his thoughts but that if my heart was not completely hardened against him, he would beg my assistance in another way; and I then learned what he had been brooding about all day. He wanted me to loan him my *anting-anting*.

I told him to use his own; he replied that while it was a real wonder when it came to killings and the

ordinary events of life, it already had failed him several times in gambling. I told him he was broke; he replied that the storekeeper had promised the loan of $5 if he could get the use of my *anting-anting* as extra security against the game. I told him that he knew full well that an *anting-anting* could work only for its own proper lord and master; he replied that this was perfectly true of the ordinary article, but that he was sure that mine was so bountifully endowed with virtue that enough would spill over to get my friend out of trouble and confound the pagan Chinaman. I hated to see the old fellow send good money after bad in this villainous game, but I saw that he would not be happy till he got it, and so finally gave in with reservations. I at least insisted on quick action and no toying with the soul-searing percentage. The odds in the game are 5 to 1, 2 to 1, and even money. So I gave him the four-leafed clover, told him to place it and the borrowed $5 on the 5 to 1 shot and then quit at once if he happened to win. I also covered my retreat by a long dissertation on the fact that he was sure to lose as there was no historical instance of a self-respecting *anting-anting* working for other than its own master. So he wrapped the charm with great reverence and care in his neckerchief, and departed down the broad and easy path that led to the market-place.

I was not at all surprised when in a short time he returned, gave me back the clover-leaf, said that it had failed as I had predicted, and hastily took his boat for home.

He had no more than pushed off, however, than the chief of the market-place appeared with mouth agrin from ear to ear and joyously hailed me with, "Oh, Tuan, there is great excitement in the market."

When asked what it was all about, he replied, "Datto Tanton, followed by a large crowd, entered the market and placed $5 and your *anting-anting* on the 5 to 1 shot and won. He then bet many times on the different odds, and in only a short time broke the yellow infidel and won more than $130. Your *anting-anting* is surely of Allah!"

That is all. Except that after his avoiding me for a few days, I finally cornered Tanton, assured him that he was the star liar of the tropics, and asked him why on earth he had not told me of his good luck. His reply was, "I feared, Tuan, that you would ask me for half the money."

And now I wonder while I am telling this as a joke on Tanton, if he has not told it often to his unholy crew as a joke on me. At least he got the money; and in both of our countries this seems to be the accepted criterion as to whom the joke is on.

Part of Tulay, a district of Jolo

MORO ROMANCES

ONCE, several years ago, I was asked to speak before a boys' club in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. I began by stating that I could tell them either a love story or a story of pirates, and asked which they would have. The unanimous and indignant shout of "Pirates, of course!" was in consonance with the age of the members, and I laughingly wondered at the time what the answer would have been ten years later.

The course of true love among these wild people in general runs smoothly. Affairs of the heart are conventionalized to such a degree that it is difficult to see exactly where the heart comes in. When a boy and a girl grow up to about the age of eighteen and fourteen, respectively, the parents begin a series of long and numerous conferences, debating with every possible circumlocution the sum to be paid to the father of the bride. This is stated in Mexican dollars, and for the purposes of publicity only high numbers are discussed. Each side knows exactly what the other one owns, and is also aware that the payment will be made eventually in a diversified

collection of arms, boats, pearl shells, cooking utensils, wearing apparel, or even labour.

When the bargain is approaching its conclusion, each separate article is inspected and either knocked or boomed to the skies according to the interest of the parties concerned. Finally, the plunder is carted off and the date of the wedding ceremony fixed. Among the poor, this is of the simplest character, usually being but the blessing of the Mahometan priest and the ceremonious entrance of the bride into the house of her father-in-law. In the families of the chiefs and the rich there is much formality and feasting, with the two mothers-in-law greatly in evidence. If they are from different islands or villages, it is very probable that the bride and 'groom have never seen each other before the wedding ceremony, and in any case this fiction is rigidly kept up. On the great day the 'groom arrives in state in his boat with flags flying and gongs beating and escorted by his friends and family in other boats. He is carried from his boat in a litter, with a huge green umbrella held over him, and the procession proceeds to the home of the bride's father.

In the meantime, the bride has also been busy. In a secluded room she is being bathed, clothed, and counselled by her female relatives who are properly stricken dumb by her beauty although she may not

remember having so paralyzed them before. When the 'groom and the priest are seated on the raised dais the bride in all her veils and finery is carried in by the aforesaid admiring relatives and seated before the 'groom, with usually a small curtain held between the couple.

One thing which brought back thoughts of home to me was that I have never seen a case where the bride was not atrociously late. The priest joins their hands beneath the curtain, and the ceremony is completed by a Mahometan formula. Through it all, convention requires the 'groom to be stolid and world-worn and the bride to be reluctant, hysterical, and catty. If she wants to be really high class, her lamentations will continue for three days after the ceremony, during which time feasting goes on, with the mothers-in-law and married friends of the family publicly pleading with the bride to be a good dog and not spoil the party. She finally agrees to leave with her stolid and unperturbed husband, and in the main they live happily through life. Work, sorrow, tropical conditions, and the arrival of many babies make her an old woman before she is thirty, and by that time there may be other wives and concubines for her to boss about and add to her household cares. The children are loved and cared for, but ignorance of sanitation and of the ordinary laws of health and the

art of curing causes a distressing mortality among them, and prevents any discernible increase in the population. The Mahometan restriction against the use of intoxicants is the one favourable condition they enjoy, but the anemia of the tropics makes them an easy prey to all its numerous ills. They are clean personally, as men, women, and children are always dabbling in the water, but there is no word for "bacteria" in the language, and a prayer to Allah or a trust in the pagan *anting-anting* must take the place of medicine and surgery. Divorce is difficult and uncommon and infidelity—barring the question of plural wives and concubines—is rare.

But when infidelity or unconventional methods *do* appear, the result is bloodshed almost without exception. I have known of no such case that did not cause great trouble, and when I heard of it in time, I found it very difficult to save not only the guilty but the innocent friends of the guilty from death and destruction. This is also a convention, but seems to be founded on the absolute, pecuniary value of young womanhood rather than upon righteous indignation or the principles of purity. A man must protect all of his other property with his life, so why not this?

Before going to the islands, I had been professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of

California, and later I was asked to send on a Sulu romance for the students. I wrote out one which is fiction, but which is really made up of a number of actual incidents. I have recently unearthed it, and while it may be considered typical, it now strikes me as having been rather sanguinary reading for the delicate co-ed:

In The Moon-Path

A Story of the Sulu Islands

She lived on Bongao Island, where a few months before we had established an army post; he lived across on Pahabag Island, only a mile away. He was a woodman who cut *ipil* logs in the great forest on Tawi-Tawi and floated them down to Bongao and sold them for a *ganta* of rice or a few Borneo cents, and hence was tall and strong and poor; she was the prettiest girl in all the wild Sulu Archipelago, and the slave—and love—of the great Datto Gonnat.

Tall and strong and poor—that is description enough of a hero in any land. And she would have been pretty in any land, too, for her eyes were liquid soft and her hair was a great mass of black with just the faintest curl near the forehead, and her voice and laughter were sweet as a silver bell. She was past fourteen now, and hence a woman of her tribe; but her form was like that of the Bacchante and the flush

of childhood seemed still to linger on her cheeks. Yes, a very pretty little girl, all we soldiers thought, as she occasionally passed through the post with face proudly unveiled but with never a glance to right or left; and the handsomest woman in all the world, thought the Moros. But, alas! that it must be recorded for Caucasian readers, her teeth were dyed black as night with the betel-nut, her finger nails, two inches long, showed that she toiled and spun not, and her black tresses shone with cocoanut oil in the most approved native fashion. Her name was Sibulan and his, Sawong.

No one can say how it ever began or how long it had been going on. Of course every one knew that they had been children together on Pahabag, and there for several years had manufactured mud cakes and marvellous dolls and *nipa* play-houses very much like their ilk the world over.

But the short tropic childhood had passed away and one day the Datto had noted her exceptional beauty and promptly added her to his household. Sawong had tried many times since to buy her back as his wife, but the great, brutal chief would accept his presents, hear his offer, and then walk away with a grin of content and triumph. Was the old sodden heart really stirred by this sweet jungle flower? Of course he had fourteen wives and slaves

galore, and these gave him trouble enough with their quarrels and laziness; but she spoke not with the others and was obedient and could sing the long Moro epic telling the wild deeds of the Datto's pirate ancestors.

And then she was desired in marriage by Sawong and many other men; and for what was a Datto created by Allah if not to have and to hold all things greatly desired by lesser men? So poor Sawong would rise from his knees and once more make the round of his friends and try to raise a few more knives or dollars to add to his previous offers.

Now the Datto's great *nipa* house stands on one little peninsula and the army post is on another, while between them lies a little bay with bottom of black mud and mangrove snags known as Crocodile Cove. When we first came, this little bay was the home of an immense number of these saurians, but since the construction of a target on a little sandy islet at the mouth of the cove, the continual rattle of the Krag-Jorgensens had driven away all but one "croc." He was huge and old and decrepit, evidently the patriarch of his tribe left behind to die. His big black snout was sometimes seen slowly moving through the water about dusk, but no one had yet succeeded in potting him, and we gradually came to look upon him as one of the harmless companions of

our tropic solitude. This Target Island at low tide became part of the post peninsula, with a connecting sweep of white coral sand, and on the seaward side was a glorious bathing beach.

So one night I sauntered out there, intent on having the greatest of the few luxuries possible—a moonlight swim in phosphorescent water rolling in on a pure white beach. As I reached the target and passed over the little ridge of sand, the view before me brought me to an involuntary halt. The great tropic moon hung low to seaward and, from the shore line below me, out over the Sulu Sea ran the broad golden moon-path in all its majestic length. We are not wont to do the romantic, we soldiers—"most like other men" as Kipling says—but I wondered while standing there if other eyes far away were . . . and then I found myself cursing my carelessness in not bringing my rifle; for there a black spot had entered the moon-path and was aproaching the island with the noiseless regularity that betrays the crocodile snout. However, I stepped behind the target and collected some heavy stones, resolved to give the old fellow a scare when he reached the shallows. What was my surprise, a few moments later, to see it rise to its feet, a human being, and calmly wade toward me.

Now, be it known, the penalty for a native to

Parian Street, Tulay, which leads to the Chinese Pier.

approach our shore line after dark is death by a sentry's bullet. Pirates and murderers as they are, and willing enough to butcher soldiers in the jungle, they are yet cunning enough to be most obedient and docile while in the vicinity of the post. Many plots against this isolated station had been reported at intervals by our native spies, but heretofore there had never been an attack of any serious trouble on our own ground. But what new devilment was this? I lay down in a rift in the sand and waited.

The soft footsteps sounded nearer and nearer, and finally the figure passed by me and I saw that it was Sibulan, the Datto's slave. She glided across the island and down to a large rock on the shore where she stood peering over the water toward Pahabag, looking, in her wet hair and glistening *habul*, for all the world like a bronze statue in the moonlight. Just then Sawong rose out of the water, panting from his long swim, and she ran to him with a little cry and they put their wet cheeks together and held to each other with all the fond, endearing epithets that the poor Malay language affords. Keeping covered by the target I started to retrace my steps to the mainland, but as I slipped away I heard her say:

"And I was alone with him as usual when he smoked his opium, for who can roll and light it for him so deftly as I? And when at last his eyes closed and the

pipe fell from his hand, I seized it and smoked great mouthsful and breathed them into his mouth as he slept. And his breathing became deeper and deeper and, oh loved one! I was so tempted to continue this until he breathed his wicked soul out of his body. But I thought of you and Allah and"—the voice died away and as I passed the sentry at the block house he asked me if he had not seen other figures out on Target Island.

"Only our two Moro policemen. Let 'em go," I answered, and then went to my shack to think it all out.

Yes, it would have to be stopped, and stopped at once. We soldiers pick up a little worldly sense after a time by experience and otherwise, and this was a plain case of danger ahead. Well did I know the inevitable tragic ending of these romances among the Moros, and that was reason enough; but where the household of this wild chieftain was concerned, what might not be the end of it! He had steadily talked peace and friendship lately, and it had been two months since the last clash, but a very little thing is sufficient to stampede the bounteous evil in a Malay's nature. Yes, I would go to the Captain next morning and tell him everything. Then I knew he would arrest Sawong on some pretext or other and banish him to Borneo, and no one would ever know. Yes,

that was the thing to do. I had just reached this decision and knocked the ashes out of my second pipe when a woman's shriek rang out. As I snatched a long native kriss from the wall over my bunk and raced for the sand-spit, now covered by the incoming tide, I called to the sentry not to fire. And then the shriek came again, ending in a bubbling moan. God help her, I knew what that meant. It meant the crocodile had her in the shallow water.

Just before I reached the island, I saw Sawong fly across it, plunge into the water, and strike out wildly for the nucleus of the heavy ripples that now blackened and disfigured the shining path. I saw the gleam of a small betel knife in his teeth, and for a moment I had a hope that he might reach the spot in time, and because of the age and slowness of the crocodile succeed in knifing it in the eye and force it to drop its prey. But it was not to be. Even as I looked the ripples died away, and the water once more concealed its blackness behind a placid, golden smile. Soon the boats and soldiers came and for hours we prodded the depths with long native spears. Sawong dived, dived, dived, with scarcely a moment between in which to catch his breath; for a crocodile is very cunning and often sinks directly to the bottom and lies quietly upon the body of its victim until the noise of search dies away. The still stupid Datto

was rowed out in his great prau to see what it was all about; and he listened to the story with stolid face and was then rowed back to his house with never a word of comment or even a glance from his pig-like eyes. And all night long after we had given up the search and turned in, Sawong swam and dived and sang the death-song of his beloved and cursed his gods—not the Allah, but the old heathen gods of which we know nothing but which lie deep in their hearts after three hundred years of Islam.

That is all; except of course Sawong disappeared. But we all expected the crocodile to get him within a few hours, so no one was surprised. And three nights later as a party of us sat on the beach with our rifles in hand, hoping the crocodile might return, one of the men gave an exclamation and took a quick aim at a dark object that had just floated into the moon-path. But I knocked the rifle down and we waited for the tide to bring it in.

So we brought poor Sawong's body ashore and the doctor read the Episcopal burial service over it the next day and the natives did some Mahometan act, with many gongs and much rice, at the grave that night. And the soldiers all wondered that the crocodile should snap off the head close to the shoulders and let the body go, but of course it may have been gorged with its first victim; and the natives

3. 1. 2.

1. Major Hugh L. Scott, until recently Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army. 2. Sultan Jamalul Kiram II. 3. Hadji Butu.

General Pershing after a conference with the Sultan and Datus.

could give no information, being all surprisingly ignorant of crocodile habits; while the officers smoked cigars all night long on the captain's veranda.

I went on as orderly the next day when the Datto and his retinue visited the post, and the call seemed to be a pleasant one as he was in high good humour and joked incessantly. And as they sat in front of headquarters I saw the captain take the gold-mounted kriss from the sword-bearer and say: "Hello, Datto, the edge of your knife is turned. What have you been cutting?"

And the jolly old fellow laughed and answered, "The neck of a snake."

VISITS TO ROYALTY

MAIBUN, at that time the capital of the Sultanate of Sulu, was a squalid town on the south coast of the island of Jolo, and here was located the group of large *nipa* buildings that served as the palace of his unimportant majesty. My two visits to him may be worth relating.

One of the lawful taxes or tributes which supported the said majesty was his ancient right to any pearl of more than $500 Mex. in value found by one of his people. To prevent concealment and illicit trading, a present of a fraction of its value was given the finder, while very severe penalties were inflicted for failure to turn it in. Now, there were two brothers on Jolo named Datto Calbi and Datto Jokanain, of power almost equal to the Sultan, and while they looked upon him as the head of the church, yet in mundane affairs they acted in a most independent way. The Sultan did not interfere in the affairs of their villages and people, and a clash thus far had been avoided. As is usual among the Malays, the weak attached themselves permanently to the strong,

and when a member of one of the clans emigrated to another island he retained his allegiance to his former chieftain and continued to claim his protection.

At almost the same time, three pearls of value were found by scattered dependents of Calbi, one of them by a poor fisherman on the island of Ubian which was one of my group. Their good fortune brought anything but happiness to the finders, for if they should give them to Calbi, they would have to answer to the Sultan, and vice versa if they should follow the ancient law and give them to the Sultan. If they concealed or sold them to traders, all hands would join in their extermination, so it was not a cheerful outlook in any direction. What was actully done really did not help matters, for the pearls were finally turned over to Calbi as their overlord, with the plea to take the trouble off their hands and make such arrangements with the Sultan as would save their skins. Calbi complimented them on their discretion, sunk the pearls in his strong box, and stood pat.

As soon as the Sultan heard of this, he proceeded in the usual and cruel Malay way. Instead of calling the strong Calbi to account, he sent out bands of murderers against the native villages of the pearl finders. This caused great excitement, all work was

stopped, and the population moved into coral forts. Before I knew what was going on, eleven lives had been lost, including some on Ubian. The other islands concerned were in the Siasi group, of which Captain Seay was the governor, and we both repaired to Jolo to make such representations to Governor Sweet as would stop this bloody and senseless affair.

He at once sent word to the Sultan and Calbi that they must meet me at Maibun on a certain date for a conference. The Sultan assented, but Calbi demurred about thus placing himself in the Sultan's power. We promised full protection and he finally consented to enter Maibun if he were permitted to take with him thirty men armed with Mauser rifles as a bodyguard. To this the Sultan agreed, and the conference was on.

On the date set, I was taken around to Maibun on the small gunboat *Callao*, and Captain Bradshaw of the Navy accompanied me to the palace, leaving orders for the crew to keep their marine glasses and their guns trained on the landing place and to be prepared to assist us in a get-away should trouble break out. The Sultan received us on a balcony of the palace, and soon afterward Calbi made his entry with his thirty riflemen. The place was then surrounded by at least a thousand of the Sultan's

armed adherents, and it became evident why he had permitted Calbi his small bodyguard.

The conference then began by my insisting on an immediate cessation of the murdering, leaving the matter of the ownership of the pearls completely out of the question as being a matter of small interest to us, by recommending that this be left to Colonel Sweet for adjustment. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when I made this pronouncement, and for six mortal hours the futile discussion continued. The Sultan talked, temporized, and brought in a thousand side issues as only a Malay can, while I insisted on only one thing—the signing of a firman in my presence calling off his murderous band. We were unsheltered from the tropic sun, the balcony grew hotter and hotter, the reiteration of my demand grew more and more tiresome, and when in the afternoon some greasy chocolate and worm-eaten Singapore cakes were served, I did not add to the dignity of the occasion by becoming violently nauseated. As the hours passed by without result and the sun began to sink, I gave up all hope and began to formulate an ultimatum in my mind which, if disregarded, would require definite action by our slender forces. This was extremely undesirable. It would be easy to shoot up and burn Maibun and the coast villages, but this would require us to ally ourselves with the Calbi and

Jokanian factions, force the Sultan's deposition, and make roving bandits out of his adherents. The present status of having the Moros divided into three strong factions which could be played against each other was a perfect arrangement, our forces were too weak to make a clean and rapid job of it, and for many reasons it was desirable to keep the present weakling on the throne. I knew Governor Sweet's idea on all this, but I knew also that he required the indiscriminate killing of innocent people to be stopped that day. It was a serious responsibility. Through it all, Calbi had been coldly silent, dignified, and unbending. His position was completely covered by his statement that he would leave the matter of the pearls to the Governor, and that the Sultan alone was responsible for the attacks on his people. Worried beyond words, I could not think of any new pressure to bring and was at my wits' end when a most extraordinary thing happened.

Calbi, who had been sitting on my left and facing the Sultan with an air of impassive enmity for hours, suddenly threw himself on his knees, crawled over to the Sultan, and began to kiss his hands with every apology and hysterical plea for forgiveness. I was too astonished to understand what it meant for a moment, but Eddie Shuck, who was doing the interpreting, hastily told me that the position of the Sultan

as the head of the church had done its work and the worst was over. The question of the ownership of the pearls did not come up, and in fact I am still ignorant of their fate. While things were coming my way, I hastily required a signed firman stopping hostilities, but the Sultan still demurred at being forced to execute this under my eye. However, the Crown Prince and Hadji Butu, the prime minister, both advised this, so the paper was soon drawn up and signed, and we triumphantly departed.

This firman must be shown to the islands concerned, and knowing their excited state, Governor Sweet thought that we should be accompanied by a force at least sufficient to insure safety. So a couple of hundred men and some machine guns were put aboard a small steamer, and we were sent to make the rounds. Captain Seay commanded the expedition in the Siasi Islands, while I assumed command when it entered my group. On approaching Ubian, I found the entire population concentrated in seven large *Cotas* surrounded by entanglements of bejuco vine. We anchored off the reef about half a mile from the beach, and I went ashore alone in a native boat, covered by the machine guns, and after a conference with the chiefs they agreed to disarm and resume their normal life. The Sultan's men were several miles away and could not be approached by

the steamer because of the coral flats, but after seeing the firman they presented me with a spear in token of their obedience, and our wretched little war was at an end.

My second visit to the palace was under entirely different circumstances. When early in 1899 General J. C. Bates was sent to the Sulu Archipelago to look over matters in general, arrange for the relief and repatriation of the Spanish garrisons that were still holding out, and make a treaty with the Sultan, he had not only made him a few presents but had promised to send him a phonograph. This had to be obtained in America, and hence it was many months before it could be delivered. I do not think the Sultan was greatly interested in anything that could talk except himself, but his old mother, who was very intelligent and was the real power behind the throne, was most curious about it. Each month or so she would write Colonel Sweet a letter of inquiry as to when "the picture that talks" might be expected. While I was in Jolo once, a steamer arrived with the phonograph, and the Governor directed me to take it around to Maibun and show them how it worked. It was a hot Sunday morning when I loaded the case on the station launch, and accompanied by Captains Devore and Hagadorn started for Maibun. On our arrival at the palace,

Typical Moros of the middle class. Note the turban, the tight jacket, the close-to-the-skin pants, and the favourite bolo called "barong" Note also the tin box in the sash. It contains among other things the inseparable "buyo."

Hadji Butu in his dress as Prime Minister.

I announced the presence of the phonograph, but was told that the Sultan was away on a deer hunt and would not return for two days. Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro. The old Sultana was crazy to hear it, we could not await his return, and our entering the harem without his being present would be a violation of every accepted conventionality. The matter was finally referred to the court priest for decision, and after a talk with the Sultana he saw on which side his bread was buttered and gravely decided that under these exceptional circumstances, the pollution of the great hall of the harem by our presence would be permissable. Coupled with this momentous judgment was the requirement that he should be present as chaperon, thus indicating that he had some curiosity about the phonograph himself. After some delay in order to give the ladies opportunity to do their primping, we were shown into their presence.

For the benefit of those who have formed their ideas of the harem from Burton's "Arabian Nights," Gerome's paintings, or the third act of "Kismet," I will say that this was not the same. At the end of the hall was a large dais covered with red cloth on which the weazened old Sultana sat, while around her on divans the thirteen ladies of the Sultan's household reclined. Each was attended by a female slave

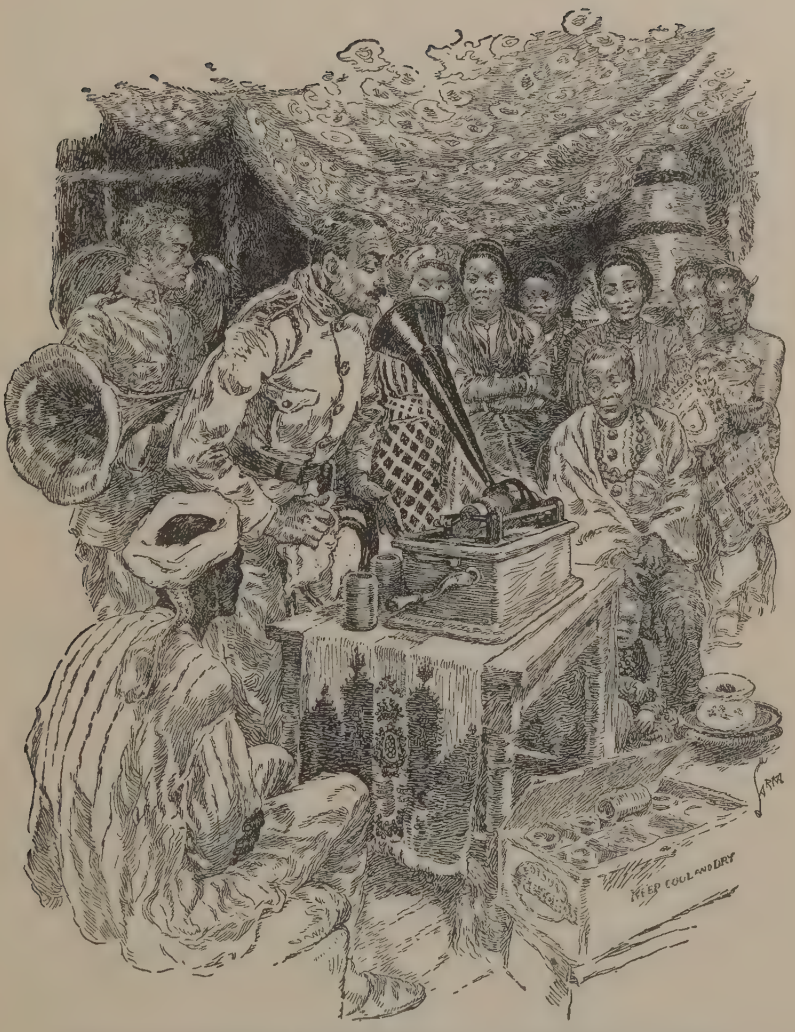
who ostentatiously held in her hands a porcelain cuspidor which she ever and anon presented to her lady at the appropriate stage of the betel-nut chewing contest. They were clad in brightly coloured waists and *sarongs*, but I don't think even with the assistance of the rice powder they could have broken into the ranks of the movie heroines. One little creature,with a petulant mouth, indicated by her cheeky behaviour that she was the latest favourite in the domestic circle. The old Sultana, who did not weigh more than eighty pounds, was aware of the American hand-shaking habit, and invited us to come forward and be greeted. Of course she could not touch a strange man and an unbeliever, but beat the game by wrapping her hand in a heavy scarf of green silk from Mecca. When finally I was permitted to seize this bulky boxing glove, all I could think of was the old "Shake hands! Time for the wind-up" of my boxing days at West Point.

I did not propose to stand up in these more or less august presences, so at my request a table and chairs were brought in, and I unpacked the phonograph and opened the show, with Eddie Schuck doing the interpreting. I first caused grave disappointment by stating that it was not a "picture that talked," but a most unhuman-looking piece of mechanism whose construction I attempted to describe. I then

put on the records that had been sent out with it, and ran the gamut from a banjo solo to the ravings of "John McCullough in Bloomingdale Asylum." Disappointment No. 2. They could not understand the words, and the canned music meant nothing to these gong experts. In fact, the show was in imminent danger of being bored, so I hastily produced some blank cylinders and put on the attachment to make records. I invited the Mahometan priest to make himself immortal by his eloquence, but he demurred on the ground that he did not know what to say. Their study of the Mahometan religion consists entirely of memorizing the Koran, and at least the first chapter is well known to all of them, and in fact, is used as sort of a Lord's Prayer. I suggested this, and he finally seated himself before the machine and did his highly pitched sing-song in very good style. It was a clear record and when I made the adjustments and reproduced it, there was a veritable sensation in the Court. They could understand the words and recognize the priest's voice, and at last they were interested. All the women except the Sultana then took turns making records, and there was much joy and giggling. At last I asked the Sultana to give me a message on a cylinder for our Sultana and I would send it on to Mrs. McKinley. She consented, and without a moment's hesitation

made a splendid record of a worthy message. I never again doubted the keen intelligence of the old lady. It was to the effect that while she was poor and unwise and Mrs. McKinley was rich and powerful, yet she thought and worked only for the good of her people, and hoped that Allah would spare her for a few years to make her people more worthy of the friendship and assistance that the Americans were bestowing upon them. She closed with a little prayer for the health and happiness of our Sultana and some nicely worded good wishes for Mr. McKinley.

Several hours had passed and it was time for us to leave this atmosphere of courts and start for Jolo. But before going, I requested that I be permitted to take with me the cylinder containing the first chapter of the Koran. The Sultana asked what I wanted with it, and I told her that in America I could show people that the Moros had an ancient and splendid religion whose tenets were very similar to our own. This pleased her greatly, and she asked Eddie to put a careful translation on the same cylinder. While he was doing this, she requested me to recite the first chapter of our Bible on a cylinder and leave it with her, so that if any of our missionaries turned up later, she could put on the record and show them that she was already quite familiar with our faith.



Colonel Cloman makes a phonograph record for the Sultana of Moros

It never for a moment occurred to her that an intelligent Christian might not know the very first chapter of his Bible, and I was somewhat embarrassed. Rather than admit that I was an arrant heathen, I consented, but I had no idea how I was to get out of it. While arranging the machine, I whispered to Hagadorn, "It's up to you. Think quickly what you are going to say"; but I was chilled by his reply, "You got yourself into this mess, now get out of it as best as you can. In the meantime, I think I'll saunter down to the wharf." I hissed a small part of what I thought of him while he was leaving, and I was soon alone with my troubles.

Something *had* to be done, but what? I messed about with the machine, but to save my life could recall nothing but one of Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads." When I could delay no longer, I sat down before the phonograph and intoned:

"I've taken my fun where I've found it;
  I've rogued and I've ranged in my time;
I've had my pickin' o' sweethearts,
  An' four of the lot was prime.
One was a 'arf-caste widow,
  One was a woman of Prome,
One was a wife of a *jemadar-sais*
  An' one was a girl at home," etc.

With beads of perspiration on my brow, I took my leave and fled to the launch. But I have often thought that I would like to have seen the expression on the missionary's face when the old lady produced this record as embodying the tenets of our faith.

THE END

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